

# THE LIVING AGE.

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VOL. CCLXXI.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS



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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

Ye gave me of your broken meat,  
And of your lees of wine,  
That I should sit and sing for you,  
All at your banquet fine.

Ye gave me shelter from the storm,  
And straw to make my bed,  
And let me sleep through the wild  
night  
With cattle in the shed.

Ye know not from what lordly feast  
Hither I came this night,  
Nor to what lodging with the stars  
From hence I take my flight.

But there's such wine that warms my  
blood  
As yet ye never knew,  
So that I heed not wet nor cold,  
Nor rage the winds blow through.

If I might sing the song I heard  
Ere I came to your door,  
Ye should set down the brimming cup,  
Nor heed the banquet more.

Ye may not hear the songs I hear,  
Nor share that feast o' mine.  
To whom ye gave your broken meat,  
And of your lees o' wine.

*Cicely Fox Smith.*

## NOON SONG.

## FROM THE CHINESE.

The chattering magpie on the tree  
Is drowsily at rest,  
The lotus-flower has sunk to sleep  
Upon the dark pool's breast,  
The dragon-fly upon the wing  
Has stayed awhile to hear me sing.  
Sleep, little Blossom of my heart,  
My baby, sleep.

The cries are quiet in the street,  
The sunny air is still,  
All living things are hushed to sleep,  
Save only on the hill  
With weary feet the pilgrims climb;  
It is the pleasant slumber-time.  
Sleep, little Blossom of my heart.  
My baby, sleep.

*Elizabeth Rendall.*

*The English Review.*

## RAIN AFTER DROUGHT.

All night the small feet of the rain  
Within the garden ran.  
And gentle fingers tapped the pane  
Until the dawn began.

The rill-like voices called and sung  
The slanting roof beside;  
"The children of the clouds have come;  
Awake! awake!" they cried.

"Weep no more the drooping rose  
Nor mourn the thirsting tree.  
The little children of the storm  
Have gained their liberty."

All night the small feet of the rain  
About my garden ran.  
Their rill-like voices called and cried  
Until the dawn began.

*Dora Sigerson Shorter.*

*The Westminster Gazette.*

## BLUE ROSES.

Shepherd in delicate Dresden china,  
Loitering ever the while you twine a  
Garland of oddly azure roses.  
All for a shepherdess passing fair;  
Poor little shepherdess waiting there  
All the time for your china posies.  
Posies pale for her jet-black hair!

Doesn't she wait (oh the anxious  
glances?)

Flowers for one of your stately dances,  
A crown to finish a dainty toilette,  
(Haven't the harps just now begun,  
Minuets 'neath a china sun?)—

Doesn't she dread that the dust may  
soil it,

When, oh when will the boy be done?

Summer and winter and still you linger,  
Laggard lover with lazy finger,

Never your little maid's wreath completing,  
Still half-strung are its petalled showers;

Must she wait all her dancing hours,  
Wait in spite of her shy entreating,  
Wait for ever her azure flowers?  
*Punch.*

## THE CRISIS IN CONSOLS.

During the latest of the crises which are being periodically "made in Germany" an eminent financier was asked what in his opinion was the most dangerous feature in the international situation. He promptly replied: "British Consols at 77½. They are a standing menace to the peace of Europe." Very few British politicians and least of all any member of the Asquith Cabinet may have ever thought of Consols in that light, but it is the light in which they are now chiefly regarded in the City. The question has for weeks past been in every mind, if not on every lip, what bearing are Consols at 77½ likely to have in the momentous issue between peace and war which has of late been trembling in the balance.

In the first place, what effect may they be expected to have on the world's estimate of our military and financial strength. In the second place, what influence may they have on the value which friendly Powers set on a British alliance. Thirdly, what may they count for in the calculations of rivals and possible assailants. Astute anti-British statesmen have doubtless sized us up as factors in future eventualities, and it would be particularly interesting to learn how Consols at 77½ figure in their summary of our fighting resources. Not very high it is to be feared. If so, then the eminent financier above alluded to would be justified in regarding them as a menace to the peace of Europe.

The first class wars of the future will have to be fought mainly with credit. Gold and all other material forms of wealth will go a very short way in them. They will have to be financed with promises to pay later on—drafts on an unknown and precarious future. Then woe to the belligerent who begins badly. His credit and

his borrowing power will be apt to tumble headlong as that of France did after Sedan. To start on such a perilous venture with Consols at 77½ might have taken the courage of William Pitt himself. What, we wonder, does Mr. Lloyd George think of it. How does it strike Lord Haldane, the organizer of paper armies and buckram reserves.

Has the Asquith Cabinet as a whole ever given a moment's thought to the military and financial significances of Consols at 77½? Have they ever asked themselves whether it is calculated to restrain or to stimulate the aggressive designs of Governments bent on having a front seat in the sun, somebody else's seat for choice. To appeal from the Cabinet to the House of Commons would be still more vain. The louder that the popular Assembly asserts its exclusive jurisdiction over national finance, the more glaring becomes its incompetence for that high office. Having successfully asserted its claim to a monopoly of financial control it must accept the accompanying responsibility. But so far it has shown as little appreciation of the responsibility as of the control itself.

The House of Commons lost no time in exhibiting to the wide world its rare qualification for the fiscal and financial functions of which it claims a monopoly. Since this modest claim was put forward and agreed to by a studiously courteous and polite Opposition, intelligible discussion of public finance has virtually disappeared. The annual Budget has become a nightmare of new taxes and fantastic expenditures. Budget debates have degenerated into a mockery of financial criticism. It is useless for any financier of the old school to say a word or even to ask a question of the new Oracle. He will

only expose himself to a jeer or a snub from the Treasury Bench.

How little Ministers think of public finance is shown by their erratic and haphazard methods of dealing with it. Odd half-hours are considered good enough for it, and even these are grudgingly given. There has been no proper Budget debate in the House of Commons this session, and last year there was no proper Budget to discuss. The Cabinet appears to have divested itself of its financial authority almost as completely as Parliament has done. It has allowed the Chancellor of the Exchequer to work himself up into a Pooh-Bah, and not satisfied with turning his own department topsy-turvy he invades every sphere which can be revolutionized or upset. Under his guidance hysterics have taken the place of economics, and Limehousing has superseded sane and sober legislation.

Mr. Gladstone in his most autocratic days was never able to boss his colleagues and browbeat the House of Commons as Mr. Lloyd George now does systematically. It would be impossible to imagine him throwing on the table of the House such crude emotional schemes as the Budget of 1909 or the State Insurance Bill of 1911. Still more inconceivable is it that he should haggle and bargain with outsiders over disputed clauses. The back-stair negotiations to which Mr. Lloyd George devotes a great deal more time and attention than he deigns to give to Committee work in the House of Commons had not been heard of in the Gladstone age. They are a recent innovation and an appropriate fruit of the régime from which they sprung.

A brief sparring match at question time with troublesome inquirers is all that the "sole and only guardians" of the public purse are now allowed unless on extraordinary occasions. Any kind of measure that the Government choose to furnish up—an Anti-Veto Bill, a

Trade Union Relief Bill, a One Man One Vote Bill—takes precedence of Supply or Ways and Means or Finance Bills. Incredible as it would have sounded in the days of Peel or Gladstone, or even Goschen, the Finance Bill of the current year is still in Committee and not likely to get out before Christmas. It has been coolly shunted to make room for the new constitutions with which not only Ireland but various other parts of the United Kingdom are about to have imposed on them.

Home Rule for Ireland will entail some kind of Home Rule for England and Scotland as well, and possibly also for the adjacent islands of Orkney and Shetland, to say nothing of Bute and Arran. While these fundamental requisites of Radical domination are being secured the most vital matters of finance are left to the unbridled caprice of a Finance Minister who regards himself as a new Moses raised up to lead the latest of the chosen people into the most up-to-date Promised Land. Such a dispensation may be grateful and comforting to £400 a year politicians, but it is not giving us either good legislation or sound finance.

Moreover, it does not agree at all with Consols. They dwindle and decline under it as if a blight had fallen on them. They sink not only in market value, but in credit and prestige, which is still more important. We have at last reached a crisis in Consols which, if not promptly and effectively handled, may soon pass beyond the control of Government and Parliament alike. But as yet neither Government nor Parliament seems to realize the gravity and magnitude of the issues involved in it. There has been no attempt to get to close quarters with it. The characteristic aim of the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been rather to shirk it and keep it at arm's length. With his never-failing audacity and skill in verbal fencing he

turns off awkward questions and nips in the bud inconvenient discussions. A man who can juggle as he does either with words or figures is not to be caught at question time. He plays with critics and questions alike, and fools six hundred and seventy members of the House of Commons with the most irrelevant comparisons based on more or less apocryphal statistics.

What could have been more jesuitical than the arguments and comparisons by which he tried to disprove, or at least to minimise, the depreciation of Consols? He picked out figures here and there over more than a decade. He admitted into his comparisons only what suited himself, and he sternly excluded every point that did not suit him. His general principles and his details were equally wrong. The whole basis of his defence was unsound, his statistics did not bear checking, and his conclusions were of the sort that mislead the unwary.

From beginning to end he proceeded on the false assumption that Consols are a mere commodity, like butter or cheese. He recognized in them none of the higher qualities which cannot be measured by commercial standards. The fact of their stability and free sale being essential to the safety of the nation did not seem to have ever occurred to him. Neither did he realize that they are more than ordinary securities, that they are the recognized barometer of our national credit, that they are largely employed as banking materials, and, most important of all, that huge amounts of the people's savings are locked up in them. No other security known to the Stock Exchange possesses these moral distinctions and responsibilities. They set Consols apart from all other stocks, shares, and commodities. The price movements of the latter affect their owners only, whereas the whole forty-five million souls in the United Kingdom are interested in Con-

sols. People who never owned a pound's worth of them have a substantial stake in their market value.

We might go even further and assert that the purchasing power of Consols is an Imperial question. From a military point of view they are as indispensable as "Dreadnoughts" and armed battalions. It is equally necessary that they be kept in the highest state of efficiency and readiness. The ultimate test of their efficiency is not the price at which ten or twenty thousand pounds of stock could be sold in Capel Court, but what could be got for a new issue of fifty or a hundred millions if it had to be made suddenly for some grave occasion. No financial policy which fails to provide for that eventuality is worth wasting time over. But we not only have no such policy at the present day, we have not even the means of obtaining it. The Ministers to whom we have a right to look for it not only neglect to provide it, but they ridicule the idea of its ever being necessary. To borrow their own elegant sarcasm they "decline to ensure the country against nightmares, financial or otherwise."

But in spite of the high authorities which are marshalled against them nightmares continue to happen. We are passing through one now which startled Mr. Lloyd George into using language toward Germany of a most un-Carnegie-like character. The national credit may have been subjected to worse strains than the present one, but they were never so wantonly challenged as they have been of late. Precautions were never so studiously neglected as they are now. False hopes and assurances were never so persistently preached as they are now in the highest quarters. There was never such a complete divorce as exists now between business and politics, between practical and theoretical finance, between the City and Westminster. The

Consol market in its desolation and decay is the most striking symbol of that divorce.

How can we expect our national securities to regain their former status until a united effort is made in Parliament and the City to remove the causes which are depressing them? Most of these are perfectly obvious if we would only look them straight in the face without political bias or preconception. The most obvious of all is that a political clique has been permitted to arrogate to itself the entire supervision of public finance. It has neither the time, nor the temper, nor the training which such a task requires; but dog-in-the-manger-like it will allow no one else to touch the work which it cannot do itself. The House of Lords contains far more financial skill and experience than the House of Commons, but it has been permanently warned off. It could furnish a select committee—half a dozen of them if necessary—which in a short time could throw valuable light on the present plight of Consols, but rather than accept any such assistance Mr. Lloyd George would see Consols down to seventy, or even lower.

From a tabooed House of Lords and an impracticable House of Commons Consols have little to hope for. The only other quarter from which relief can come is public discussion. The Press, the Chambers of Commerce, and the financial organizations of the country may, amongst them, do a good deal to protect the national credit from further degeneration. But their intervention in order to be effective will need to be prompt and energetic. There is no time to waste in arguing with Mr. Lloyd George as to the rate at which Consols are falling, how fast they fell under Unionist and Radical administrations, what set of official politicians are most to blame for their decline, and so on and so on. That is all red-herring recrimination, or it may be dust thrown

in the eyes of too zealous investigators.

The thing to see and to keep our eyes fixed upon is that Consols are in a bad plight, and that all the gib talk of the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not make them any better. Year by year they have been going out of favor and their market has been shrinking. Private investors are deserting them. Trustees are selling instead of buying them. Banks are growing tired of losing money on them. Savings banks and provident institutions can no longer afford to hold them in view of the drastic "writing down" they require. One considerable bank has had to give up the hopeless struggle, and another has had to obtain the assistance of the Bank of England to enable it to reorganize itself on a new basis.

While Consols go down Mr. Lloyd George explains away every fresh slump to the complete satisfaction of his admirers. It is always the same explanation—a kaleidoscope of figures to prove that other Government stocks are falling quite as fast as Consols, a glorification of the sinking fund which, under his miraculous care, is reducing the national debt at the rate of twelve millions sterling per annum, and winding up with a prediction that the finest fiscal policy in the world is bound to pull us through some day. Unfortunately that prophecy has been so often repeated in the past five years and as often falsified that its influence on the Consol market has sunk to zero.

The futile comparisons in which Mr. Lloyd George delights have been blown to the winds by disasters like the failure of the Birkbeck Bank. Instinctively that mishap was attributed to the source from which so much financial trouble of other kinds had proceeded. "Lloyd George finance" was this explanation which spontaneously rose to every lip. So universal was its acceptance that Mr. Lloyd George took

alarm and went out of his way to contradict it.

The gist of his explanation was that the Boer War and the Colonial Stock Act of 1900 authorizing trustee investments in colonial securities had caused all the trouble. Mr. Lloyd George having solemnly read this to the House, added that he had himself checked the quotations of the various stocks and found that "they all show a larger depreciation from a date shortly before the outbreak of the Boer War to the end of the lifetime of the late Unionist Government than since the initiation of what is called Lloyd George finance." Had he given us plain dates instead of these two paraphrases the absurdity of such a comparison would have been patent. His "shortly before the outbreak of the Boer War" must mean about the middle of 1899 and the late Unionist Government retired at the end of 1905. The Unionist period of depreciation measures therefore fully six years. In his own case he has given us the exact birthday of "Lloyd George finance." It was April 20, 1909, little more than two years ago.

The first peculiarity of his comparison between Unionist and "Lloyd George" depreciation is that a period of six years is set against one a third of that length. The second peculiarity is that the Unionist period included a long and costly war, while his own two years were, as he often reminds us, years of peace and plenty. Even if the Unionist depreciation were, as he claims, greater than his own, the difference in conditions would render any comparison of their security values irrational. A simple statement of what the Unionist Government had to do in its three war years but which Mr. Lloyd George did not have to do—what he possibly could not have done—in his two peace years would cover his argument with ridicule.

Bald comparisons of prices at differ-

ent dates without reference to the accompanying conditions is mere jugglery. Still more useless is it to compare extreme or abnormal prices such as the very high figure which Consols reached in 1896 and the very low figure at which they stand to-day. The proper starting-point for rational comparisons is the average of a series of normal years. Any Chancellor of the Exchequer who can keep Consols near that normal average will be doing his duty by them. But he will not care to see them either much above or much below his standard level. The last normal period that Consols enjoyed was the six years immediately succeeding the adoption of Lord Goschen's conversion scheme in 1888. The subjoined list of their highest and lowest prices in these six years exhibits unusual steadiness and solidity—conditions which have been conspicuously lacking ever since:

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF  
CONSOLS, 1889-1894

	Highest	Lowest	Range
1889 .....	99½	96½	2%
1890 .....	98%	93%	5%
1891 .....	97½	94%	3½
1892 .....	98½	95½	3
1893 .....	99%	97	2%
1894 .....	103%	98%	5%

The year 1894 was not an absolutely normal year as it will be seen that a considerable rise took place then. This was the beginning of the Consol boom which culminated in the dangerous inflation of 1896. In that year Consols marked 114, but no one in the slightest degree acquainted with their history mistook that for a natural price. It was artificially created by the after-effects of two world-wide crises—that of 1890 in London and of 1893 in New York. These shocks to international credit caused a great shrinkage in trade and in the creation of new securities. Capitalists and investors alike were puzzled what to do with their money. Many of them, instead

of sitting on it until the turn of the wheel came, forced it into gilt-edged securities at any price. They fancied that a perpetual reign of cheap money had set in and two per cent Consols began to be predicted.

The first sign of this glut appeared as shown in the above table in 1894. Its high-water mark was reached in 1896 and when the Boer War began in 1899 a recoil of several points had already taken place. On October 30, 1899, Consols were down to 104—ten points below high-water mark, but they were still four or five points above the average of the normal period, 1889-1893. The most simple and at same time the most just view to take of the Consol position at this time is to assume that its centre of gravity was par. In ordinary circumstances it would vary only a point or two from that level. Lord Goschen's own anticipation in 1888 was that the new two-and-a-half per cents. would command nearly as much as the two-and-three-quarters per cent. had been doing in the previous three or four years. In 1886-1888 they had been up to 103½ and down to 95½, making a fair average of 100.

In comparing the price movements of the past twenty years we should start from 1888 as a datum line. If we do that we at once put out of court the abnormal prices of 1894-1899. Two and-a-half per cent. Consols at par were Lord Goschen's ideal and we should be thankful indeed to get back to it. With the warning example of 1896 and 1897 before it, the Consol market wishes for no return of the 112 and 114 boom. It would be well satisfied to make a fresh start at the correct datum line—not 114 but par. Any one doing so in a fair spirit will see that the Boer War was most creditably and successfully financed. The war loans issued not only realized relatively high prices, but they had won-

derfully little depressing effect on Consols. These are the special tests of war finance, and Mr. Lloyd George may well ask himself if he could hope to repeat to-day the financial operations which Sir Michael Hicks Beach achieved during the Boer War.

For a Chancellor of the Exchequer the Consol problem is not their market price at a given date but the strain they will bear when called upon. In the strong hands of Sir Michael Hicks Beach they came safely through a very severe ordeal during the Boer War. As already said, when the war broke out they had declined from their high-water mark of 114 to 104. A few months later (March 1900) the first war loan was issued, namely, the national war loan of £30,000,000. It was offered in 2½ per cent. stock at 98½, and was handsomely subscribed. A year later (April 1901) £60,000,000 of Consols was issued at 94½. In 1902, toward the close of the war, the third and final issue was made—£32,000,000 at 93½.

Apart from the national war loan and several large issues of Treasury bills £92,000,000 of new Consols were put on the market within two years. Far from crushing it as one-half of the amount would probably do now these issues left it firm and healthy at 95½. The decline which took place during the three years' war was actually smaller than what had occurred during the preceding three years of peace:

Decline
1896-1899 (peace years) 114 to 104 10
1899-1902 (war years) 104 to 95½ 8½

If we compare the price of Consols at the close of the war with the average of the last six normal years (1889-1894) we shall find a depreciation of only three or four points. Another two or three points were lost between the close of the Boer War and the end of the Unionist régime in 1895. Surely not a bad financial record this as far as

Consols are concerned and the maintenance of the national credit. If Mr. Lloyd George flatters himself that he can beat it or come near it, let him try. In the general opinion of the City he could not float twenty millions of new Consols without breaking the present price, low as it is, worse than Sir Michael Hicks Beach's £92,000,000 did during the Boer War. His comparisons of Unionist depreciation with Radical depreciation and of Consol prices with French rentes, home railway debentures, &c., mean no more than a juggler's playing with colored balls. Instead of restoring public confidence in Consols they intensify public misgiving.

But if the theory were correct that the Boer War and the Colonial Stock Act of 1900 had caused the failure of the Birkbeck Bank that would only raise another question: Why was the fatal depreciation of the bank's securities not discovered much sooner? Why was it delayed until the mischief done was beyond repair? Is the inference not unavoidable that the securities cannot have been properly written down from year to year as the depreciation proceeded? And is there not reason to fear that the laxity of the Birkbeck Bank in this respect has not been exceptional among institutions of its class? May there not be other savings' banks and provident societies dealing in gilt-edged securities which have also shirked the painful process of writing down?

This last is a very serious question, as it involves not merely the solvency of individual institutions, but the safety of the system as a whole. If Consols and other British funds have permanently ceased to be suitable investments for the savings of the people, then the institutions which have been using them for that purpose must either find more productive investments or quit business. The future of sav-

ings' banks, public as well as private, is at stake, and the amount of money involved is not far short of two hundred millions sterling. For a trifle like that the House of Commons cannot, of course, be expected to turn aside even for an hour or two from its high and holy crusade against the British Constitution. But the fact may be put on record for future reference.

As to the first point, the accurate writing down of securities, there ought to be thorough inquiry not only in the case of the Birkbeck Bank, but in others which may be almost, if not quite, as bad. That laxity has prevailed cannot be doubted, neither can it be wondered at when we recall how it has been not merely winked at, but actually encouraged in high places. No less an authority than the Prime Minister himself can be quoted by the savings' banks and friendly societies against the frequent valuation of securities. At the present juncture Mr. Asquith may not like to be reminded of an unfortunate speech which he made in July 1907, at the opening of the new offices of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution. His admirers may not relish it either, and one passage in it may give them a bit of a shock, but in the public interest it is worth recalling. After reading some impressive figures as to the invested funds of the life insurance companies of the United Kingdom, he thus commented on them:

Here you have these enormous investments, and naturally you are as much interested as anybody else in the country in the channels into which these investments run, and perhaps still more in the return which is made from them. I do not know whether any of you have recently been engaged in the somewhat gloomy process of "writing down" [laughter], a practice which I think is very much to be deprecated unless it is taken at comparatively long intervals and with a full consideration not only of

*the past and the present, but of the probabilities and prospects of the future.* A great deal of nonsense has been talked and still more nonsense has been written in the course of the last twelve months on the supposed depreciation of our national credit. Any one who takes the trouble to make himself acquainted with the comparative figures in these matters will know that whatever depreciation or fall of price there had been in our premier national security has been more than equalled by the fall of the corresponding securities in other countries, and to put it down as some short-sighted writers have done to some special instability in our social or economic conditions is not only to ignore the facts which are well within the reach of those who take the trouble to seek for the truth but is entirely to misread the governing factors of the situation. The truth is that while there have been circumstances, some of them catastrophic and others highly abnormal, which account to some extent for the fall that has recently taken place, *I am glad to think that we are now recovering. But the fact is that the fall has been largely due to the activity and prosperity of our own trade.*

We may take it for granted that that speech of Mr. Asquith in July 1907, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, was read with delight by the directors and officials of all the savings' banks, provident institutions, and benefit societies in the United Kingdom. Every trustee for deposits invested in Consols or other British funds who had been worrying over the serious depreciation of the investments would hail with pleasure Mr. Asquith's opinion that the "somewhat gloomy process" of writing down securities was very much to be deprecated. They would not only agree with him most cheerfully, but it may be feared that they proceeded to act on his advice and have been acting on it ever since.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer may denounce it as a base slander to say or even to think that "Lloyd George finance" brought the Birkbeck Bank to

grief, but what of the Prime Minister? Is he equally innocent and irresponsible? Was it not inevitable that his jibe at the "somewhat gloomy process" of writing down securities would be taken in earnest and acted upon whenever the results of "writing down" were likely to be unpleasant? Were not savings' bank managers and other trustholders of Consols entitled to accept the assurance that "we are now recovering"? The obvious allusion was, of course, to Consols—"the premier national security" as Mr. Asquith poetized it—and the inference of every plain reader would be that in 1907 Mr. Asquith was sure they had touched bottom.

Alas for him and for the Birkbeck Bank and for crowds of unknown victims he happened to be quite wrong. Consols had not yet finished falling. In July 1907 they were about 83, and they went on falling until they reached 76½. It will be remembered that the Boer War left them at 95½ after £92,000,000 of new stock had been successfully floated. Mr. Asquith in July 1907 must have satisfied himself that the effects of the Boer War were exhausted, otherwise how could he have been "glad to think that we are now recovering"? In his opinion at least the subsequent fall from 95½ to 76½ can have had nothing to do with the Boer War.

Fully four years ago the Prime Minister—then Chancellor of the Exchequer—assured us that the depreciation of Consols had come to an end under the healing influence of a heaven-born Radical Government. From that date heaven-born Radicalism assumed all responsibility for them. So certain was their speedy recovery that "writing down" was to be no more needed. In fact, it would be regarded by Mr. Asquith as an impertinence and a sign of want of confidence in the new dispensation.

We may here leave Mr. Asquith and

the savings' bank managers to settle that question among themselves. The fact we have to deal with is that Consols have been seriously and perhaps permanently discredited as banking investments. The class of bank which has hitherto depended chiefly on Consols and kindred securities for its income can no longer rely on them. It is confronted with the dilemma that it must either exchange Consols for more remunerative securities or give up taking deposits. In other words, what may be called "Consol banking" has run aground.

It is curious to read at this time of day Mr. Gladstone's own account of his real reason for creating the Post Office Savings' Bank. It was not philanthropic, neither was it in the interest of good banking. As the following memorandum shows, Mr. Gladstone wanted it as a new weapon with which to fight "the money power in the City," which would not always let him have all his own way:

The Government itself was not to be a substantive power in matters of finance, but was to leave the money power supreme and unquestioned. In the conditions of that situation I was reluctant to acquiesce, and I began to fight against it by financial self-assertion from the first, though it was only by the establishment of the Post Office Savings' Banks and their great progressive development that the Finance Minister has been provided with an instrument sufficiently powerful to make him independent of the Bank and the City power when he has occasion for sums in seven figures.<sup>1</sup>

The "poor man's money" which Mr. Gladstone thus light-heartedly borrowed for his own convenience has become the dearest part of our national debt. The nominal 2½ per cent. paid for it was only part of its cost to the State. For half a century or more annual deficits have been accumulating

against it. In 1880 Mr. Gladstone himself estimated that the deficiency on the trustee savings' banks alone exceeded three and a half millions. He arranged to wipe that out by means of terminable annuities to run for twenty-eight years. At the end of the twenty-eight years, that is in 1908, the annuities had to be extended for another ten years, so that we are still paying them.

In 1907 a member of the House of Commons called Mr. Asquith's attention to the savings' bank deficits and asked what he proposed to do about them. Mr. MacNeill, the questioner, calculated that the Post Office Savings' Bank itself was about £10,000,000 short, and that a proportionate shortage would be found in the trustee savings' banks. But Mr. Asquith was, as usual, all for *laissez faire*. The annual deficiency, he said, was on the decline, and if it were left alone it would wipe itself out.

In saying that Mr. Asquith Jesuitically ignored the fact that in addition to the excess of expenditure over income a dangerous depreciation has taken place in the capital value of nearly all savings' bank securities. If the situation was as bad as Mr. MacNeill represented it to be in 1907, it must be much worse now. The Prime Minister, with all his faith in *laissez faire*, can hardly pretend now that the annual deficiency is gradually disappearing. It must, on the contrary, be rapidly growing, and as Consols continue to decline it will grow more and more rapidly. If Mr. Asquith sees in the present price of Consols no ground for alarm as to the future of our national credit, he might at least take pity on savings' bank depositors and try to avert the scare which will seize them one day if safeguards are not speedily provided.

While the above was going through the press a new series of alarming events has aggravated the uneasiness with which our "premier national se-

<sup>1</sup> Morley's "Life of Gladstone," vol. i. p. 651.

curity" is regarded. It has also furnished fresh proof of the unsound basis of our public savings' banks. All the principal stock markets in the world have been thrown into a panic by a clumsy escapade of German diplomacy—the third of its kind and not at all likely to be the last. One of the most ominous and peculiar features of the panic was a run on the German Savings' Banks which broke out simultaneously in a large number of widely scattered towns. This novel movement completely exploded the official theory that runs on Post Office Savings' Banks are inconceivable. But facts are stronger than theory, and what has happened to the German Savings' Banks may just as easily happen to our own. The Government assumption that they are panic proof may turn out a perilous deception.

A further disclosure has been made lately of recent changes in our Savings' Bank securities not at all to their advantage. The trustees are having Irish land stock dumped on them in preference to Consols: a still more unsalable and therefore more unsuitable security. On March 31, 1911, the Trustee Savings' Bank had 7½ millions sterling of it and the Post Office Savings' Banks nearly 25 millions (£24,748,583). They did not acquire this

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Irish land stock of their own choice but simply because the public did not like it and would not have it. Each successive issue of it was less favorably received and a larger share had to be dumped on public departments.

The Post Office and Trustee Savings' Banks have been the most unfortunate victims of the Irish dump, especially of Mr. Birrell's new three per cents. On that unique investment they have already lost about 8 per cent. The price they had to pay for it when issued was 92½ and it is now down to 84½—another warning against "the gloomy process of writing down" which Mr. Asquith thinks is so greatly to be deprecated.

Consols at 77½ and the Post Office Savings' Banks chockful of Irish land stock which in the event of a run on them might have to be sold at a loss of 10 or 15 per cent, these are the latest achievements of Limehouse finance in the City. To speak of a crisis in Consols is to put the case very mildly. We might have truthfully described it as a double crisis—one in Consols and the other in our savings' banks. How long is a great commercial nation to allow its credit, its public funds and the savings of its people to be thus made the plaything of party politics?

W. R. Lawson.

## THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.<sup>1</sup>

A man's dearest friend is certainly his best introducer to others, and Sir Sidney Colvin is nothing if not tactful.

In a sense R. L. S.—as so many people call him—is the friend of nearly all who know his writings, whether they have seen him or not. He could

<sup>1</sup> These "Letters" edited by Sir Sidney Colvin, are in four light volumes, which contain practically the whole of Stevenson's correspondence, and "constitute in effect a nearly complete autobiography."

never have been an impersonal writer; and much of what he did was done with a touch so intimate and characteristic as to endear him to a whole world of readers long before his published letters saw the light. He had the good fortune to win recognition and fame during his too short life; and he has had the bad fortune to be not too much read, but a great deal too much

talked about since his death. This is, no doubt, partly owing to the fascination of the "Letters."

If you are a singularly charming person, and are fluent and "forthcoming" as well, it naturally follows that a large number of people will think they know you particularly well, and even feel called upon to explain your merits and your gifts to the dull world about them. Besides, Stevenson was really, as he said himself of some one else, "too clever to live"; and though his cleverness was the least important part of him, it was the part on which it was easiest to descant.

Then, having been over-praised in some directions, he was unduly depreciated in a particularly injudicious manner. All this is quite in the natural course of events.

But now we have his autobiography in these "Letters,"—an autobiography the more valuable because it was unintentional; and it behoves us to consider not merely the new letters—easily identified, as they are marked by asterisks in the list of contents,—but the whole story. For it is not only the story of a man of genius, but of a very remarkable life—of a man whose spirit was as strong as his body was frail, whose heart was as tender as a young child's, while his wit was as sharp and quick as an arrow flying straight to the mark. Let it be said at the beginning, needless as it may seem, that here we are to consider the life of a singularly upright man—one who was disinterested to the point of Quixotism in his business, in his affections, and in his dealings with literature; one who was quickly moved to recognize noble motives in others, but very sparing of fine language about his own noble motives, though he had the gift of language to—well, to be frank, to an almost fatal degree.

We may notice his letter to his father, written at the age of fifteen:—

*Respected Paternal Relative,*—I write to make a request of the most moderate nature. Every year I have cost you an enormous—nay, elephantine—sum of money for drugs and physician's fees, and the most expensive time of the twelve months was March.

But this year the biting Oriental blasts, the howling tempests, and the general ailments of the human race have been successfully braved by yours truly.

Does not this deserve remuneration?

I appeal to your charity, I appeal to your generosity, I appeal to your justice, I appeal to your accounts, I appeal, in fine, to your purse.

My sense of generosity forbids the receipt of more—my sense of justice forbids the receipt of less—than half-a-crown.—Greeting from, sir, your most affectionate and needy son,

R. Stevenson.

"Typical of much in his life's conditions both then and later," is this letter; and typical in much the same odd, prophetic way is this letter to his mother at the age of eighteen:—

To-night I went with the youngest M. to see a strolling band of players in the town hall. A large table placed below the gallery with a print curtain on either side of the most limited dimensions was at once the scenery and the proscenium. The manager told us that his scenes were sixteen by sixty-four, and so could not be got in. Though I knew, or at least felt sure, that there were no such scenes in the poor man's possession, I could not laugh, as did the major part of the audience, at this shift to escape criticism. We saw a wretched farce, and some comic songs were sung. The manager sang one, but it came grimly from his throat. The whole receipt of the evening was 5s. and 3d., out of which had to come room, gas, and town drummer. We left soon; and I must say came out as sad as I have been for ever so long: I think that manager had a soul above comic songs. I said this to young M. who is a "Phillistine" (Matthew Arnold's Phillistine, you understand), and he replied, "How much happier would he be as a common working-man!" I

told him I thought he would be less happy earning a comfortable living as a shoemaker than he was starving as an actor, with such artistic work as he had to do. But the Philistine wouldn't see it. You observe that I spell Philistine time about with one and two l's.

Are there many lads of eighteen who would have seen the pathos instead of the deception in the scenes that were sixteen by sixty-four, and so could not be got in?—or have sympathized with a man who could more happily starve as an actor than live comfortably as a working man? No, but then Louis was not really eighteen in the year 1868, as he ought to have been. He was curiously old in his youth; there was no healthy hardness in his moral texture. Probably physical weakness, the suffering which was his earliest recollection and the unfailing companion of all his days, may be responsible for much of this sensitiveness. It had its compensation, as all things have. He kept the zest, the open-heartedness and receptiveness of youth all his life, to what he seemed to consider the advanced age of forty-four. He was as young for his age then, as he was old for his youth at eighteen. Before he had ever written anything, a shrewd Russian lady remarked that he was an "*esprit observateur*."

"*A votre age, c'est étonnant comme vous êtes observateur,*" she told him. But on another occasion she remarked—

"*Mais c'est que vous êtes tout simplement enfant!*"

Both impressions were true, of course; and his power of observation was not nearly so remarkable as his capacity for sentiments that, properly speaking, belonged to quite a different time of life from his own. How odd that verses like the following should have been written by a man at twenty-two!—

All that loveliest and best is,  
Aureole-fashion round their head,

They that looked in life but plainly,  
How they stir our spirits vainly  
When they come to us Alcestis—  
Like returning from the dead!  
Not the old love but another,  
Bright she comes at Memory's call,  
Our forgotten vows reviving  
To a newer, livelier living,  
As the dead child to the mother  
Seems the fairest child of all.

Quite true;—but what business had he, at twenty-two, with such truth?—or with the elderly historical insight of the following:—

It is a pet idea of mine that one gets more real truth out of one avowed partisan than out of a dozen of your sham impartialists—wolves in sheep's clothing—slithering honesty as they suppress documents. After all, what one wants to know is not what people did, but why they did it; and to learn that you should go to the men themselves. Their very falsehood is often more than another man's truth.

The worst unhappiness of his youth was caused by a quarrel with his parents over religious differences.

The thunderbolt has fallen with a vengeance now. On Friday night after leaving you, in the course of conversation, my father put me one or two questions as to beliefs, which I candidly answered. I really hate all lying so much now—a new-found honesty that has somehow come out of my late illness—that I could not so much as hesitate at the time; but if I had foreseen the real hell of everything since, I think I should have lied, as I have done so often before. I so far thought of my father, but I had forgotten my mother. And now! they are both ill, both silent, both as down in the mouth as if—I can find no simile. You may fancy how happy it is for me. If it were not too late, I think I could almost find it in my heart to retract, but it is too late; and again, am I to live my whole life as one falsehood? Of course, it is rougher than hell upon my father, but can I help it? They don't see either that my game is not the light-hearted scoffer; that I am not (as

they call me) a careless infidel. I believe as much as they do, only generally in the inverse ratio: I am, I think, as honest as they can be in what I hold. I have not come hastily to my views. I reserve (as I told them) many points until I acquire fuller information, and I do not think I am thus justly to be called "horrible atheist."

Now, what is to take place? What a curse I am to my parents! O Lord, what a pleasant thing it is to have just *damned* the happiness of (probably) the only two people who care a damn about you in the world.

This is a story which we all seem to know, so old it is, and so perpetually recurring; never without heartbreak, never without hope. What we find new about it here is a sort of inversion of the parts, the son so filled with pity and tenderness that he seems almost in a paternal relation to the two elders. It is marked again in another letter of this sad time, written on a morning following a wretched interview between father and son late in the previous evening:—

The sun is shining to-day, which is a great matter, and altogether the gale having blown off again, I live in a precarious lull. On the whole I am not displeased with last night; I kept my eyes open through it all, and, I think, not only avoided saying anything that could make matters worse in the future, but said something that *may* do good. But a little better or a little worse is a trifle. I lay in bed this morning awake, for I was tired and cold and in no special hurry to rise; and heard my father go out for the papers; and then I lay and wished—O if he would only *whistle* when he comes in again! But of course he did not. I have stopped that pipe.

In thinking that he had wrecked his parents' happiness, he completely lost his own; but it was not in his nature to make a luxury of grief, as the common way of youth is:—

Look here, you mustn't take this too much to heart. I shall be all right in

a few hours. It's impossible to depress me. And of course, when you can't do anything, there's no need of being depressed. It's all waste tissue.

In spite of his efforts after calmness and wisdom, the mental wear and tear of this sorrowful difference with his parents made him ill; and a London doctor ordered him to go to the sunshine of Mentone and rest. He did so, little thinking how much of his future life was to be spent in seeking sunshine, and resting perfume.

The friendship of a highly cultivated woman, older than himself and a faithful ally and adviser, was his chief stand-by during these puzzled years of his youth. To her he wrote of everything, of the friends he met with, the books he read, and the daily events of his life. Evidently she did not play the Mentor, and the extent of her help and influence is marked by the quality of his letters to her, which are among the most interesting in the four volumes. He could tell her of anything, from his sudden joy at the sight of a violet, to his worst grief at the prospect of his cousin's death.

The gift of self-expression, what a mystery it is! What a mercy, what a charm, what a snare to the feet! To Stevenson, the putting of things into words was as natural as breathing. He did it consciously, and did it unconsciously. He was doing it, as our cousins say, "first, last, and all the time." That was his work and his play, and, in short, his destiny. His parents thought his destiny was engineering; and very naturally thought so, considering the family history, and especially that his grandfather, Robert Stevenson, had built the Bell Rock Lighthouse. His grandson tried conscientiously to follow in his steps, but only succeeded in proving that his health could never stand the strain; so with the same conscientiousness and with rather less inclination he read

law to please his parents, contrived to pass his examination for the Bar at Edinburgh, and lived for a time—only a short time—the ordinary life of an Advocate in Edinburgh, attending trials and spending his mornings in wig and gown at the Parliament House. He really considered it all a lamentable waste of time; and with perfect seriousness of heart, and many light speeches on his tongue, gave himself definitely to his life's occupation of literature.

This was quite inevitable. But one feels for the parents, who had no other child, and did not even now know how much worse things were before them, in the way of surprises. One also feels for their Louis, who suffered cruelly in the sharp climate of Edinburgh, which was always his worst enemy to life, but remained to the end the home of his heart.

He had, indeed, little strength for the hard work he gave so willingly to the extreme limit of his power, and beyond it; but his industry was indefatigable, his modesty about his own gift was genuine and reasonable, and his admiration for the gifts of others no less genuine, and always ardent.

Sometimes he fell into a kind of despair.

No, I can write no article just now; I am *ploching*, like a madman, at my stories, and can make nothing of them; my simplicity is tame and dull—my passion tinsel, boyish, hysterical. Never mind—ten years hence, if I live, I shall have learned, so help me God. I know one must work, in the meantime (so says Balzac) *comme le mincur enfoui sous un éboulement*.

*J'y parviendrai, nom de nom de nom!*  
But it's a long look forward.—Ever  
yours,

R. L. S.

Of course this mood did not last, except for the determination to work, which nothing ever altered. He knew better how to be happy than most young men of his age; but there again

it would be fairer to say that he was so much older than his age.

He had far more patience than his years entitled him to; but two things always moved him to impatience, conventionality and indifference. There he did resemble other people of his own age.

God help us all, it is a funny world. To see people skipping all round us with their eyes sealed up with indifference, knowing nothing of the earth or man or woman, going automatically to offices and saying they are happy or unhappy out of a sense of duty, I suppose, surely at least from no sense of happiness or unhappiness, unless perhaps they have a tooth that twinges, is it not like a bad dream? Why don't they stamp their foot upon the ground and awake? There is the moon rising in the east, and there is a person with their heart broken and still glad and conscious of the world's glory up to the point of pain; and behold they know nothing of all this! I should like to kick them into consciousness, for damp ginger-bread puppets as they are.

Indifference was far indeed from R. L. S. He was not indifferent to the feelings of a rabbit, and could be fairly excited by any fellow-passenger in a train, always supposing him to be a third-class passenger. His susceptibility to outward impressions reminds one of a saying of Mrs. Browning's about her husband;—"he saw things as other people feel them, passionately."

For about four years he worked, and took long walking excursions in England and on the Continent, and interested his friends and the critics immensely, and the large reading public rather less. But he was always interested himself, his work was the thing he cared for most in the world, both then and always; it absorbed him and sufficed him. He had much pleasure in life, but was never able to keep well for long, as Edinburgh was still his home; and no one seemed to realize—he himself as little as others—that

his native air was the worst in the world for him. This witty, delicate young man, with his long hair and his lamentably untidy clothes, his tender heart and engaging manners, was yet of a very strong will and very strong convictions. One could hardly expect anything else from the son of his Covenanting forebears: he had their imperative conscience, only it told him to reach their goal by a different road from theirs. He thought himself a Bohemian,—the cleverest people have their delusions about themselves,—and nothing sat on him with a worse grace than his cultivated Bohemianism. It sometimes betrayed him into a grossness that was foreign to his deeper nature.

Those who wish to understand his mind at the time when he took the most serious step in his life, can find it explained distinctly in the unfinished essay called "Lay Morals." He "began to perceive that life was a handicap upon strange, wrong-sided principles; and not, as he had been told, a fair and equal race. He began to tremble that he himself had been unjustly favored, when he saw all the avenues of wealth, and power, and comfort closed against so many of his superiors and equals, and held unwearingly open before so idle, so desultory, and so dissolute a being as himself. . . . Like many invalids, he supposed that he would die. Now, should he die, he saw no means of repaying this huge loan which, by the hands of his father, mankind had advanced him for his sickness. In that case it would be lost money. So he determined that the advances should be as small as possible; and, so long as he continued to doubt his recovery, lived in an upper room, and grudged himself all but necessaries. But as soon as he began to perceive a change for the better, he felt justified in spending more freely, to speed and brighten his return to health, and trusted in the future to lend a help to mankind, as

mankind, out of its treasury, had lent a help to him."

What were his parents' feelings when informed of the direction in which their only son's conscience was leading him, and also that he contemplated a marriage which they could not but deplore with an unknown lady on the other side of the world, a lady at that moment encumbered with a husband and two children,—these things are better imagined than described. They are perhaps better unimagined. The inevitable rupture took place. With no supplies from home and determined to test his power to support himself, and eventually others by his unaided pen, Louis Stevenson took a steerage passage across the Atlantic, and arriving ill with hardship in New York, proceeded at once without a day's rest to California, by emigrant train; a "ten to fourteen days' journey, warranted extreme discomfort," as he was aware.

Many a young Briton of his own station and better, has made that journey cheerfully; but not many, it is to be hoped, in a state so weak and suffering. He neither gave in nor complained; but wrote letters to his friends and made notes of his travels for future use. The letters were excellent, for this young man under any circumstances could use his pen more readily than a woman can use her tongue. Here is what he wrote, while "crossing Nebraska" on August 23rd 1879:—

I am sitting on the top of the cars with a mill party from Missouri going west for his health. Desolate flat prairie upon all hands. Here and there a herd of cattle, a yellow butterfly or two; a patch of wild sunflowers; a wooden house or two; then a wooden church alone in miles of waste; then a windmill to pump water. When we stop, which we do often, for emigrants and freight travel together, the kine first, the men after, the whole plain is heard singing with cicadæ. This is a

pause, as you may see from the writing. What happened to the old pedestrian emigrants, what was the tedium suffered by the Indians and trappers of our youth, the imagination trembles to conceive. This is now Saturday, 23rd, and I have been steadily travelling since I parted from you at St. Pancras. It is a strange vicissitude from the Savile Club to this; I sleep with a man from Pennsylvania who has been in the States Navy, and mess with him and the Missouri bird already alluded to. We have a tin wash-bowl among four. I wear nothing but a shirt and a pair of trousers, and never button my shirt. When I land for a meal, I pass my coat and feel dressed. This life is to last till Friday, Saturday, or Sunday next. It is a strange affair to be an emigrant, as I hope you shall see in a future work. I wonder if this will be legible; my present station on the wagon roof, though airy compared to the cars, is both dirty and insecure. I can see the track straight before and straight behind me to either horizon. Peace of mind I enjoy with extreme serenity; I am doing right; I know no one will think so; and don't care. My body, however, is all to whistles; I don't eat, but, man, I can sleep. The car in front of mine is chock full of Chinese.

By weakness and want of food his nerves were wrought to a high pitch of sensibility, and the following verses, written in the emigrant train, give a faithful impression of that strange state, both dreamy and exalted, that curious temporary loss of individuality which the traveller sometimes experiences after days of strange sights, sounds, and voices.

Of where or how, I nothing know;  
And why, I do not care;  
Enough if, even so  
My travelling eyes, my travelling mind  
can go  
By flood and field and hill, by wood and  
meadow fair,  
Beside the Susquehannah and along  
the Delaware.  
I think, I hope, I dream no more  
The dreams of otherwhere,

The cherished thoughts of yore;  
I have been changed from what I was  
before;  
And drunk too deep perchance the lotus  
of the air  
Beside the Susquehannah and along  
the Delaware.

Unweary God me yet shall bring  
To lands of brighter air,  
Where I, now half a king,  
Shall with enfranchised spirit louder  
sing,  
And wear a bolder front than that  
which now I wear  
Beside the Susquehannah and along  
the Delaware.

The verses have a pathos of their own, much more affecting than if they had been in a mournful key. R. L. S. never bewailed himself. In his worst scrape he "kept a stiff upper lip," and as a man often makes us like him best when he is acting most foolishly, so does R. L. S. at this juncture. For we cannot but recognize that his conduct was disinterested; he was far indeed from following the "primrose path."

No man is any use until he has dared everything; I feel just now as if I had, and so might become a man. "If ye have faith like a grain of mustard seed." That is so true! Just now I have faith as big as a cigar-case; I will not say die, and do not fear man nor fortune.

He fell yet a few degrees lower in fortune, when he essayed to camp in the Coast Line Mountains above Monterey. Here, lying in a sort of stupor under a tree, an old bear-hunter found him, perceived that he was "real sick," and, like a kind-hearted frontiersman, took him to his ranche, doctored and kept him till he was well again. It might easily have been a tragedy just then, but the comedy "followed hard upon," as the way of life is. For anything more incongruous than this promising young literary man let loose upon an Angora goat-ranche in the Santa

Lucia Mountains, it would be hard to conceive.

Yesterday I set fire to the forest, for which, had I been caught, I should have been hung out of hand to the nearest tree, Judge Lynch being an active person hereaway. You should have seen my retreat (which was entirely for strategical purposes). I ran like hell. It was a fine sight. At night I went out again to see it; it was a good fire, though I say it that should not. I had a near escape for my life with a revolver. I fired six charges, and the six bullets all remained in the barrel, which was choked from end to end, from muzzle to breach, with solid lead. It took a man three hours to drill them out. Another shot, and I'd have gone to kingdom come.

No doubt the friend who was favored with his account thought it a lucky escape for Stevenson. The frontiersman who was sheltering him might have taken another view of the matter. But his responsibilities were over when in December Stevenson betook himself to San Francisco; and there began to work his hardest again, while lodging and living in a way perfectly incompatible with the preservation of health, even had his health been of the strongest. He thought that he was practising economy, and thus described his crazy course in a letter to England of that date:—

Any time between eight and half-past nine in the morning, a slender gentleman in an ulster, with a volume buttoned into the breast of it, may be observed leaving No. 608 Bush and descending Powell with an active step. The gentleman is R. L. S.; the volume relates to Benjamin Franklin, on whom he meditates one of his charming essays. He descends Powell, crosses Market, and descends in Sixth on a branch of the original Pine Street Coffee-house, no less; I believe he would be capable of going to the original itself, if he could only find it. In the branch he seats himself at a table covered with wax-cloth, and a pampered menial, of High

Dutch extraction and, indeed, as yet only partially extracted, lays before him a cup of coffee, a roll and a pat of butter, all, to quote the deity, very good. A while ago and R. L. S. used to find the supply of butter insufficient; but he has now learned the art to exactitude, and butter and roll expire at the same moment. For this refection he pays ten cents, or five pence sterling (£0. 0s. 5d.).

Half an hour later, the inhabitants of Bush Street observe the same slender gentleman armed, like George Washington, with his little hatchet, splitting kindling, and breaking coal for his fire. He does this quasi-publicly upon the window-sill; but this is not to be attributed to any love of notoriety, though he is indeed vain of his prowess with the hatchet (which he persists in calling an axe), and daily surprised at the perpetuation of his fingers. The reason is this: that the sill is a strong supporting beam, and that blows of the same emphasis in other parts of his room might knock the entire shanty into hell. Thenceforth, for from three to four hours, he is engaged darkly with an ink-bottle. Yet he is not blacking his boots, for the only pair that he possesses are innocent of lustre and wear the natural hue of the material turned up with caked and venerable slush. The youngest child of his landlady remarks several times a day, as this strange occupant enters or quits the house, "Dere's de author." Can it be that this bright-haired innocent has found the true clue to the mystery? The being in question is, at least, poor enough to belong to that honorable craft.

The end of the letter is sad enough; he confesses that he is down with an ague chill, and that it seems strange not to be able to afford a drink; for tired as he felt, he would have walked half a mile for a brandy-and-soda.

Of course it was not long before he broke down completely and lay for weeks at death's door. On recovering he says—

I have cause to bless God, my wife that is to be, and one Dr. Bamford (a name the Muse repels), that I have

come out of all this, and got my feet once more upon a little hill-top, with a fair prospect of life and some new desire of living. Yet I did not wish to die, neither; only I felt unable to go on farther with that rough horse-play of human life: a man must be pretty well to take the business in good part. Yet I felt all the time that I had done nothing to entitle me to an honorable discharge.

On hearing of his illness and approaching marriage, his parents sent him a cablegram with the message,

Count on 250 pounds annually.

So with a light heart in a very shaky body, he set off for the mountains, "a very withered bridegroom," as he says, but greatly cheered by the reconciliation with his parents. In a few months more he had brought his wife and stepson back to the old country, and with his parents was inhabiting a little house at Strathpeffer, where he realized the strength of his affection for his native land as only exiles returned ever realize it.

In a very short while it was apparent that he must try some further means of restoring his health if possible, and so the winter of 1880 was spent in the snows of Davos, and the following winter as well. He benefited to some extent by the climate, but his wife's health suffered, and both were depressed by the circumstances of invalid life all round them in Davos. The summers they spent with his parents in Scotland, and it was at Braemar in 1881 that he was visited by the inspiration which resulted in "Treasure Island," the first half of which was written without pause or break, and in the highest spirit of enjoyment.

I am now on another lay for the moment, purely owing to Lloyd, this one; but I believe there's more coin in it than in any amount of crawlers: now, see here, "The Sea Cook, or Treasure Island: A Story for Boys."

If this don't fetch the kids, why,

they have gone rotten since my day. Will you be surprised to learn that it is about Buccaneers, that it begins in the "Admiral Benbow" public-house on Devon Coast, that it's all about a map, and a treasure, and a mutiny, and a derelict ship, and a current, and a fine old Squire Trelawney (the real Tre, purged of literature, and sin, to suit the infant mind), and a doctor, and another doctor, and a sea-cook with one leg, and a sea-song with the chorus "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum" (at the third Ho you heave at the capstan bars), which is a real buccaneer's song, only known to the crew of the late Captain Flint (died of rum at Key West, much regretted, friends will please accept this intimation); and lastly, would you be surprised to hear, in this connection, the name of *Routledge*? That's the kind of man I am, blast your eyes. Two chapters are written, and have been tried on Lloyd with great success; the trouble is to work it off without oaths. Buccaneers without oaths—bricks without straw. But youth and the fond parent have to be consulted.

And now look here—this is next day—and three chapters are written and read. All now heard by Lloyd, F., and my father and mother, with high approval. It's quite silly, and horrid fun. . . . A chapter a day I mean to do; they are short; and perhaps in a month "The Sea Cook" may to *Routledge* go, yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum! My Trelawney has a strong dash of Landor, as I see him from here. No women in the story, Lloyd's orders; and who so blythe to obey? It's awful fun boys' stories; you just indulge the pleasure of your heart, that's all; no trouble, no strain. The only stiff thing is to get it ended—that I don't see, but I look to a volcano. O sweet, O generous, O human toils! You would like my blind beggar in chapter iii. I believe; no writing, just drive along as the words come and the pen will scratch!

R. L. S.

*Author of Boys' Stories.*

What perverse spirit was it that hindered him from indulging his genius for stories like "Treasure Island"!—and caused him instead to persevere with those lamentable short tales, morbid,

ugly, and noisome, which he nicknamed "Crawlers." He often revolted from them himself, and certainly no one else could fail to be revolted by them. They seem written with no object but to revolt the reader; unless, indeed, they were a kind of sick man's nightmare which afflicted him until he could put the affliction into words and so get rid of it. He once began a story about a nurse which was, as he remarked, "so ugly and cruel that it seemed a kind of offence against humanity," and he actually put it aside for that reason. Would that he had been as well advised about others which he unfortunately finished! In kindness to him let us forget their names, and in mere decency of gratitude we ought to forgive and forget much for such a gem as "*Treasure Island*."

Besides, Stevenson knew better. He loved the beautiful and brave, and worshipped it in his heart.

As I live I feel more and more that literature should be cheerful and brave-spirited, even if it cannot be made beautiful and pious and heroic. We wish it to be a green place; the *Waverley Novels* are better to re-read than the over-true "*Life*," fine as dear Sir Walter was. The Bible, in most parts, is a cheerful book; it is our little piping theologies, tracts, and sermons that are dull and dowle; and even the Shorter Catechism, which is scarcely a work of consolation, opens with the best and shortest and completest sermon ever written—upon Man's chief end.

In his heart he condemned ugliness and squalor, as this proves:—

Ugliness is only the prose of horror. It is when you are not able to write "*Macbeth*" that you write "*Thérèse Raquin*." Fashions are external: the essence of art only varies in so far as fashion widens the field of its application; art is a mill whose thirlage, in different ages, widens and contracts; but, in any case and under any fashion, the great man produces beauty, terror,

and mirth, and the little man produces cleverness (personalities, psychology) instead of beauty, ugliness instead of terror, and jokes instead of mirth. As it was in the beginning, is now, and shall be ever, world without end. Amen.

And even as you read, you say, "Of course, *quelle rengaïne!*"

This was written in the autumn of 1883, at Hyères, where the Stevensons had found a home, after sundry trials, which included a rapid flight from their first house near Marseilles; for an epidemic broke out there, and being obliged to part and travel separately, they contrived very ingeniously to lose each other, and even to remain lost to each other for some days of utter distraction. Only exceptionally clever people can have such excitements in their lives. When reunited they settled firmly into a pretty cottage called "*La Solitude*," not near the sea, but on the road above the old town. Here, as Stevenson said in after days, he knew what happiness was. His health for a time improved, he wrote vigorously and steadily, and the money he earned gave him the longed-for sense of independence and raised his spirits.

This year I should be able to live and keep my family on my own earnings, and that in spite of eight months and more of perfect idleness at the end of last and beginning of this. It is a sweet thought.

This spot, our garden and our view, are sub-celestial. I sing daily with my Bunyan, that great bard—

"I dwell already the next door to Heaven!"

If you could see my roses, and my aloes, and my fig-marigolds, and my olives, and my view over a plain, and my view of certain mountains as graceful as Apollo, as severe as Zeus, you would not think the phrase exaggerated.

At this time and always his father was ready to supply him with money and every help that affection could sug-

gest; but the son's chief longing was not ease or comfort, but to justify his choice of a profession and prove that he was man enough to support all the responsibilities he had undertaken. Of course he wanted money badly, and often; but he was simply incapable of writing for popularity. This is not invariably with men of his profession a virtue, but rather a necessity. Some have not two ways of writing any more than they have two voices to speak with; though on one occasion they may be in better voice than on another.

It was not very long after this, at the close of 1885, that he wrote in hot haste the story which proved the most popular of all his writings, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

He had then left Hyères, and decided to try and live in Bournemouth, where he remained for nearly three years; his health failing more apparently and seriously as the time went on, his high fortitude, patience, and resolution shining out more steadily as the need for them grew greater. There was nothing of the pious martyr in Stevenson's cheerfulness. He hated whining, and hated a pose of any kind. But gratitude and a courageous outlook on life were his chief religious ideas. Of faith he had a fuller share than ten average Christians.

I used myself to rage when I saw sick folk going by in their Bath-chairs; since I have been sick myself (and always when I was sick myself), I found life, even in its rough places, to have a property of easiness. That which we suffer ourselves has no longer the same air of monstrous injustice and wanton cruelty that suffering wears when we see it in the case of others. So we begin gradually to see that things are not black, but have their strange compensations; and when they draw towards their worst, the idea of death is like a bed to lie on. I should bear false witness if I did not declare life happy.

No one took less of the plaintive invalid's view of life than this worn, consumptive man—who made a jest of his sufferings, and even with real, not affected gaiety.

I am very dim, dumb, dowle, and damnable. I hate to be silenced; and if to talk by signs is my forte (as I contend), to understand them cannot be my wife's. Do not think me unhappy; I have not been so for years; but I am blurred, inhabit the debatable frontier of sleep, and have but dim designs upon activity. All is at a stand-still; books closed, paper put aside, the voice, the eternal voice of R. L. S., well silenced.

It was never farther from being silenced. He had been for nearly a month forbidden to speak above his breath, for fear of bringing on the hemorrhage from the lungs which was incessantly threatening his life. But with the very first return of health he was at work again; almost all his literary work was produced in bed. Within six months of the publication of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" appeared "Kidnapped," an immortal story, and the finest thing he ever wrote; swift, bright, perfectly serious, and thrilling as only a story that has a pulse of nationality beating through it can thrill us. When it was finished his strength was exhausted, and for months he wrote nothing new; but with strength so low, his spirit was high as ever.

In 1885 he felt to the depth of his heart the country's disgrace by the hands of its statesmen in the abandonment of Gordon and the garrison in the Soudan. He did not expend himself in words over this, but he suffered as surely every man of honor then did in his heart, silently.

Again, in 1887, when crime was rampant in Ireland, and the chief criminals were safeguarded by a paternal Government that left its most defenceless subjects at the mercy of murderous cowards, Stevenson suffered shame.

He may have wondered a little at his countrymen, north and south. That famous organ the British Conscience was suffering just then from one of its periodical fits of inertia, which have so often and curiously coincided with outbreaks of crime in Ireland. The British Conscience, as we know, has a delicate constitution. R. L. Stevenson was a broken-down invalid, but his conscience was as sound as a bell, and before any danger he was a man all over. Those who care for his reputation may like to hear of the venture he was prepared for, in the words of the friend who knew him best:—

A case that now appealed to him with especial force was that of the cruel persecution kept up against the widow and daughters of the murdered man Curtin. He determined that if no one else would take up the duty of resist-

Blackwood's Magazine.

ing such persecution without regard to consequences, he would take it up himself, in the hope of more effectually rousing the public conscience to the evils of the time. His plan was to go with his family, occupy and live upon the derelict farm, and let happen what would. This, as the letters referring to the matter plainly show, was no irresponsible dream or whim, but a purpose conceived in absolute and sober earnest. His wife and household were prepared to follow, though under protest, had he persisted; as it seemed for some weeks that he certainly would, until at last the arguments of his friends, and still more the unmistakable evidence that his father's end was near, persuaded him to give up his purpose. But to the last, I think he was never well satisfied that in giving way he had not been a coward, preferring fireside ease and comfort to the call of a public duty.

*Moira O'Neill.*

(To be concluded.)

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## THE LANTERN BEARERS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK, AUTHOR OF "THE SEVERINS," ETC.

### CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Byrne decided not to tell her husband of Helga's meeting with Clive Ashley.

"There is no need," she said to her daughter next day. "You will probably never see each other again, and why should we distress your father about nothing? I always dread the effect on him of the least allusion to that wicked man. I have long since given up speaking of the Ashleys in his presence."

Helga acquiesced. It was easy to follow her mother's instructions, for her father said nothing to her about the dance. She only knew him as the silent, brooding man who hardly shared in the life of the house and apparently took little interest in it. But his wife watched the slow years work their mischief on him. She feared for

his health: sometimes she feared for his reason. She kept these fears to herself, as she kept other troubles and the lion's share of the work. She would not let Helga's youth be more heavily overshadowed than it need be with the mistakes and sorrows of her forbears.

It was for Helga's sake that she had decided, much against the grain, to take a lodger, and had persuaded her husband to let her try a plan she hated from the bottom of her heart.

"I don't mean to accept the first comer," she explained. "I am not going to fetch some one from the highways and hedges of Surbiton. I shall write to Malchen."

Mr. Byrne gave a depreciatory grunt. His wife's only sister had married a prosperous Hamburg merchant, but Malchen differed from Dorothea as a

sloe differs from a sun-ripened peach. She was a selfish, complaining woman, and she had never stretched out a hand to help her sister. On the contrary, her letter suggested a sense of injury because, although her daughters had near relatives in London, they were never asked to spend a few months there.

"I shall tell Malchen to send me a young man of means and good family," Mrs. Byrne continued, knitting as she talked. "He will do no harm in the drawing-room."

"He will smash your china."

"A young man of excellent family brought up in Hamburg will not smash anything," said Mrs. Byrne, and wrote to Malchen the next day. She reckoned that a good deal of what the young man paid would be clear profit, and would provide Helga with a few of the pleasures it behoved youth to have.

"It is all we can do for the child," she said to her husband. "We must send her out a little now that she has grown up. We cannot give her a dowry."

"It is on Helga's account that I don't like this plan of a lodger," said Mr. Byrne.

"I shall be here," said Mrs. Byrne, "and I shall be on my guard. I hope you do not think, Francis, that in arranging to have this young man I have any—any ulterior ideas. I assure you I have not. The kind of young man I have in view—the son of a well-to-do Hamburg merchant, is far less likely to marry a girl without money and position than one of your English Lords of Burleigh would be."

"I consider Helga good enough for any Hamburg merchant," growled Mr. Byrne; "but she is not nineteen. If she marries in ten years' time it will be soon enough."

"There I do not agree with you," said Mrs. Byrne.

It did not occur to Helga's parents to train her to earn a living, and it only occurred to Helga by fits and starts that she ought to find herself a trade. Mrs. Byrne liked her help and companionship, and thought the girl would marry. Mr. Byrne never thought of his wife and daughter, except as of two beloved women dependent on his efforts, and suffering grievously through his failure. Modern theories about the economic independence of women did not enter his mind. He had been so badly wounded in the struggle for life, that he had lost vitality and was not awake to new ideals.

Helga agreed with her father in disliking the advent of a stranger. The inner life of her home, thanks to her mother, was not spoiled by their poverty. It was full of work, but it was work controlled by order, skill, and patience. There was time as well for all the little pleasures that people miss or enjoy, according to their temperament, and not according to their circumstances.

"He will only be here for breakfast and dinner," said Mrs. Byrne.

"And on Saturday afternoons, and all day on Sunday," said Helga.

"On Sundays he will visit his friends."

"He will have no friends—we shall have to entertain him. We shall see him sitting in the garden wanting us to talk English to him; and you will say, 'Helga, that unfortunate young man is in a foreign country, far away from his family and friends; and he is yawning because he is so dull; go and wrestle with him on the subject of English prepositions!'"

"That I shall certainly not say," interrupted Mrs. Byrne. "English prepositions he will have learned at school."

"I know exactly what he will look like too," Helga went on; "he will have curly hair and little sharp eyes, and an intelligent smile, and he will be ex-

tremely well informed and inquisitive and tiresome."

"Helga, you are talking nonsense," said Mrs. Byrne, who had that morning received a second letter from Malchen, in response to her request for a young man of means and good family. The first one had informed Dorothea, that Malchen could not assist her because she knew no one who could endure life in England for a week. Also, she was surprised to hear that Dorothea, who always described her house as a small one, could make room for a *stranger*. In Malchen's opinion the family should come first, and a niece be invited before an unknown young man. The sum Dorothea proposed to ask for board and lodging was absurdly high, since rent and food were half the price in England that they were in Germany, and since Dorothea, by her own showing, had no expensive servants to support. Moreover, if Malchen had known any one obliged to go to England she could not have sent him to a sister, who took in lodgers and cooked for them, as she did not wish it known amongst her friends that she had connections who did such eccentric things. She hoped, to conclude, that Dorothea was enjoying her beautiful garden, and her peaceful, untroubled life. She could not write again for some weeks because she was full of anxiety about her daughter Sophie, who had a mysterious attack of fever that a *brutal* doctor said was indigestion, and wished to starve; but which she, Malchen, felt sure was either heart, or nerves. Dorothea knew how Malchen's own nerves had been shattered by the ceaseless worries of her exceptionally troubled life, and that it would not be surprising if her child had inherited a temperament—and so on for five pages. But this morning another letter had arrived containing a long account of a catastrophe in the kitchen, and the awful effect on the family nerves of a thievish

cook and an impudent housemaid. Malchen said, moreover, that to her troubles never came singly, and that though she was devoted to Dorothea, she wished Dorothea would not always make mischief between husband and wife. August insisted on writing himself, and his letter would speak for itself. Malchen enclosed it, and remained Dorothea's affectionate sister, who hoped August would not soon repent of the foolish and unnecessary step he had taken against his wife's advice.

The letter from August (Herr Commerzienrath Peters) was short and to the point. He had read Dorothea's letter, and had recommended a young man called Conrad Hille, the only son of his good friend Senator Hille, to apply to her. In his opinion Dorothea was a sensible woman both to make money and to save it. He wished all women would follow her example. The Hilles, by the way, were well off, and could easily pay the reasonable sum that Dorothea suggested.

In a week the matter was settled. A letter from the young man called Conrad Hille arrived by the next post, and was answered by return. He wished to come immediately, and was told that his rooms would be ready for him on the day, and at the time of his arrival.

Meanwhile, Helga was leading the double life that we all lead when the events of the day are flat and dull, compared with memories of a day that will not come again. Sometimes she opened her wardrobe, and looked at the gown she had worn, and at the single glove she had found in the pocket. Her heart beat to memories and her youth created hope. Somehow, somewhere, they would meet again. He had said so. She could not believe in an old man's quarrel being as determined as a young man's love. At least, she could not believe it when she thought of Clive in the garden, on the way home, and above all as he made

his confession in this very passage, no longer a place of exultation and tragic amazement, but an ugly, tidy place, narrow and exceedingly dull. Perhaps her life would match it, overshadowed as it was by her father's misfortunes and grievances. No! That at any rate was a fear Helga would not harbor. Her life would be what she made it, by her own sense and courage. But what can a girl, without money, friends, or knowledge, do towards shaping her life? For the present there seemed nothing for it but a waiting game. Meanwhile life, seductive, gay, and many-sided, carried Clive on its strong stream away from her; every hour a little further away. He would forget that he had looked—that he had spoken—to such purpose that Helga could not forget.

Herr Conrad Hille was expected one Saturday evening in July, at nine o'clock, and long before that day, Mrs. Byrne was ready to receive him. As his object in coming was to learn English, and see English life, it had been arranged that he was to have breakfast and dinner with the family, and converse in English with them while he sat at table. Besides affording him these opportunities, Mrs. Byrne had agreed for the terms specified to give him a regular lesson in English three times a week.

"I know who his parents are," said Mrs. Byrne, as she looked round the little drawing-room, some hours before the young man was expected. "They have a beautiful house on the Alster. I saw it on the only occasion when I paid Malchen a visit. At that time August was not at all well off, and I never expected that Malchen would live next door to the Hilles in a house equally large."

"Did she complain more or less when she was poor?" asked Helga.

"Much the same," said Mrs. Byrne. "Are you ready now to come to Kings-

ton, Helga? We must bring back more than usual to-day."

Every Saturday Mrs. Byrne went to Kingston market and brought back most of the week's supplies in a big basket. She usually went at night when the prices of stuff that would not keep over Sunday had sunk to a level her judgment approved. Helga generally went with her for the sake of the walk, and because she never tired of seeing the market with its flaring lights, its busy shifting crowd, and its stalls heaped with fruit, fish, and flowers. She had seldom been there in the morning when there was a thinner crowd, higher prices, and a better class of people. This morning, while her mother went into the covered part of the market to buy meat, she stood in front of Hide's windows and studied the summer fashions. Behind her she heard the sounds of chaffering voices, of wheels, of barking dogs, of motor-cars slowing down as they slid through the market place on their way to a clear run along the Portsmouth Road. She had a rope bag full of fish in her hand and she wore an ancient blue serge skirt, a blouse she had made herself, and made badly, a sailor hat that had cost a shilling, and old shoes and gloves. As a rule the poverty of her attire only troubled her mildly. It did not scorch her like a personal shame, because she met no one she knew to wonder at it. But this morning the sound of a car stopping at the shop door made her turn her head, and as she did so she recognized the girl just alighting; a tall, fair, largely made girl, handsome, chilly, and well turned out—the girl who had worn pink at the dance the other night, and whose name was Marcella Stair. This morning she wore fresh pale green, and a big hat tied with a chiffon veil. She glanced at Helga as she passed into the shop and allowed her eyes to rest for a desirous moment on the old rope bag and

the fish tails sticking out of it. Then the bad moment was over. Miss Stair vanished, leaving shame and anger in the unreasonable corner of Helga's mind. She said nothing to her mother of the encounter because she could not have explained its significance; but she puzzled Mrs. Byrne by wishing to hurry away from the market instead of lingering as usual near the fruit and flower stalls.

It was a hot July day, and both ladies were carrying a considerable weight; but it did not occur to Mrs. Byrne to take a tram. To walk saved fourpence, a sum that on a Saturday night had often bought enough meat for Sunday's dinner.

"Everything was twice the price today that I usually give," complained Mrs. Byrne, "and I've had to buy twice as much as usual."

"But do you expect Herr Hille to eat as much as we three do?" asked Helga, surprised.

"About that," said Mrs. Byrne.

"What shall we do if we detest him?"

"We shall remind ourselves that he pays the rent."

It was so hot and the baskets were so heavy that the ladies did not talk much as they walked, especially when their way led uphill. They were a good deal stared at because it is not the custom in Surbiton for people who are obviously ladies, either to dress in by-gone fashions or to toll up Cranes Park with baskets of provisions. Mrs. Byrne's basket was not even covered, and she had slung her arm through it as a German cook does on her way from market. None of the English nursemaids she met would have "demeaned" themselves by carrying it, for it held fruit, vegetables, butter, eggs, and a leg of mutton. Helga's rope bag, revealing fish and newspaper, was equally disreputable.

"In future," she said, when they

neared home, "in future, if we must buy our food in Kingston let us buy it at night!"

"Why?" asked Mrs. Byrne.

"People stare so."

"What people?"

"Every one we meet."

They were now within a short distance of their house, and Helga breathed freely again because no one was ever about in their quiet corner at this time of day. They passed the bigger detached houses; they passed the little semi-detached ones, and they arrived hot and worn at their own gate. A surprise awaited them there. On the front steps they saw one small and one large leather bag, and a bundle of rugs and umbrellas. At the bottom of the steps there was a gray wooden trunk studded with brass nails, and on the trunk sat a fair-haired, cheerful-looking young man. As the two ladies stood at the open gate, petrified and helpless for the moment, he got off the trunk, put his heels together and made them a deep bow.

"Conrad Hille from Hamburg," he said.

Mrs. Byrne hastily tried to transfer her basket to her left arm, and as she did so the finest early cabbage in Kingston fell at the young man's feet. With a second bow, still deeper than the first, he picked it up, and offered it to Helga, who seized it with both hands.

"I expected you this evening," said Mrs. Byrne.

"I decided at the last moment to come by sea," said the young man. "I telegraphed from Dover. The telegram arrived when I did, and so I felt sure that I was waiting at the right house."

He handed a telegram to Mrs. Byrne.

"I am very sorry you have had to wait," she said; and then she introduced Helga, and they went into the house.

"This is your sitting-room," Mrs.

Byrne said, taking him into the one at the back, looking on the garden.

"A very friendly room," he said contentedly.

"Your bedroom is over it. You have a view of gardens."

He bowed again, then shouldered his big bag and carried it upstairs.

"He seems a nice boy," said Helga, when he was out of hearing.

"What else would you expect?" said her mother. "Is he not a son of Senator Hille and recommended by your uncle August?"

"He must want his lunch."

"In good time he shall have it."

"But there is nothing! Don't you remember? We were going to have bread and cheese. And the fire is out!"

"The fire can be lighted again. It is not one o'clock yet. We will have lunch at two."

She disappeared into the kitchen with her basket of provisions, and Helga followed with her rope bag. When the girl had given her mother first aid she went upstairs to take off her out-door things, and as she came out of her room again, she met Herr Hille carrying a pile of books to his sitting-room.

"You have unpacked quickly," she said.

"I have been taught since I was a child never to lose a moment," he replied. "Time once lost does not come back to us."

"Don't you ever amuse yourself, then?"

"Certainly. I set apart a portion of each day for amusement."

Helga wanted to ask him what his amusements were, but decided to wait for a better opportunity. She went downstairs before him, and, as his arms were full of books, opened the drawing-room door for him.

"When the milkman comes we are going to ask him to carry up your big

trunk," she said. "He will be here soon."

"May I ask at what hour you dine?" said Herr Hille.

"At half-past seven."

"At what hour, then, do you break fast?"

"At eight."

The young man looked so pale and so sad that Helga guessed what ailed him. She felt pale and sad herself when she thought of waiting till two for lunch.

"I'm afraid you're hungry," she said, "and to-day lunch will not be ready till two."

"Then I will go to the nearest restaurant," he said. "Where is it?"

Helga stared and puzzled and felt that her country was failing her at a critical moment. Here was a starving foreigner, and she could not tell him where to get food.

"There is a confectioner," she began; but he stopped her with a little shudder.

"I do not wish for cakes," he said.

"You might have sausage rolls, or ham, and coffee; but I think you had better wait, I could bring you some bread and butter."

"I have chocolate in my bag, but chocolate before a meal is bad for the stomach."

"Is it?" said Helga, politely, trying not to look astonished.

"I have a very weak stomach," the young man continued solemnly. "It comes from being over-worked at school. Does the *gnädige Frau* cook English or German?"

"Sometimes one and sometimes the other, but my mother always cooks well."

"I am glad of that. In England your cooking is so bad."

"But how do you know?" said Helga, astonished again. "You have only been here two hours."

"I know everything about England,"

said Herr Hille, "we learn it at school and from our newspapers. There was really no need for me to come; but my father has old-fashioned ideas and wished it."

"Well, I hope you will find it pleasant here," said Helga, and then flew down to the kitchen where she found her mother grilling a steak and frying cold potatoes.

"The poor boy is starving," she cried, "he is green and white with hunger,

and he has a weak stomach, Mummy. I am going to take him some bread and butter."

"Go and lay the cloth," said Mrs. Byrne. "I am just ready. I hope you didn't show surprise when he talked of his *Magen*. He seems a nice boy and well brought up. I shall tell him that in England you must call your *Magen* your digestion or your appendix, and that then you may talk about it by the hour if you please."

(*To be continued.*)

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## THE PLAN OF CREATION: THE MODERN VIEW.

### I.—IMPERFECTION.

Any way we look at it, the twentieth century is a new age, and the newness consists in that the plan of the creation is seen on a larger scale and in finer proportion. A new gospel of history, of science, of religion, of economics, has been passed into it from the nineteenth century,—new in form, old in substance. Much has been re-arranged for us, much has to be re-stated. All the churches are in a bad humor with their articles and creeds. Outside them is distress, the hungry heart, the bewildered intellect, the wistful look into the unknown. Questions are thick; what is wrong with the world? What does it all mean? What is the something which infects the world? Burne-Jones says, pensively: "A pity it is I was not born in the Middle Ages. People would then have known how to use me, now they don't know what on earth to do with me." Carlyle, sixty years ago, said: "The higher enthusiasm of man's nature is for the while without exponent; yet does it continue indestructible, unweariedly active, and work blindly in the great chaotic deep." Professor Harnack quoted these words of the Chelsea philosopher a few years

ago, and added: "No one who understands the times in which we live can deny that these words sound as if they had been written to-day."

On the marches of two ages we are sure to meet unsolved problems, the clash, the bacterial fever. New isms have been born; but agnosticism, positivism, secularism, rationalism are not dangerous capes to round, rather are they capes of good hope when the heart beats pure and true. Our special trouble to-day is not philosophy, but philanthropy. The storm comes from our sympathy one with another. We are studying sociology. The sin, the poverty, the misery of our fellows haunt us. "God is not using me fairly," is the silent moan of a thousand hearts. "I am surely not wanted here," is the dirge of our souls. The greatest happiness principle is in rags; the greatest utility principle is life on the cheap.

Need is that we look into the contents of the creation from the twentieth century observatory. We shall come at the scheme of things by a concrete showing of familiar particulars. We re-write the life plan and the death plan and the plan which has hitherto

served us. We cannot break with the past; evolution is the conservative watchword; revolution is not orthodox. Evolution means adaptation of the old to a new situation. The past is an affluent bank, and the legacy of a far antiquity is with us, and we invest it in the market of the twentieth century. We fulfil, not destroy.

The elementals of the life-plan will be seen in the following particulars.

1. In the plan of the creation we meet with the elemental of imperfection and limitation. The seed, the egg, the bud, the sapling, the youth, are looking upward. The oak is laying down a fresh girth of wood every year for years. Growth implies imperfection. Nature shows us mis-growths to intimate to us the sad doom of her incompleteness. She is not slow to let us see warts, cleft palate, squint eye, club foot. Of 100 boys in a public school, examined by a medical man by authority of the headmaster and the governing body, sixty-three had deformities. These deformities were lateral curvature of the spine, pigeon-breast, knock-knee, bow-leg, and flat foot. Twenty had defective sight. In 1904 1,000 primary pupils in London were examined. Ninety per cent. of the boys had decayed teeth, and the decay was serious in seventy per cent. The appendix in the alimentary canal, which makes the disease of appendicitis, is the remnant of a structure with a function in the lower creation, but which has no function for us, and nature has been unable to efface it, and there are 90,000 operations for appendicitis performed every year, as a lurid set-off against the imperfection.

Lord Leighton was believed to be the handsomest man in Europe, a brilliant thinker, artist, and man of conversation. He wrote to his sister in 1872: "I take a new medicine every week." Darwin was one of the most paintaking workers of the day, and a genius

in science, as Lord Leighton was in art. His biographer writes: "It is, I repeat, a principal feature of his life that for nearly forty years he never knew one day of the health of ordinary men, and that thus his life was one long struggle against the weariness and strain of sickness."<sup>1</sup> He lived a little past seventy. R. L. Stevenson, an industrious worker, was rushing to and fro all his younger days for health. He wrote to Meredith when nearing the end: "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health. . . . I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhage, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness." He died at forty-six. These are recorded instances of the unrecorded life of the many.

Lord Leighton has given us one explanation. He says he was taught a rule in art: "A certain roughness must bring out fineness; if everything is fine, nothing remains fine." The art known as impressionist consists in an emphasis of line and color laid on some ideas and emotions, while others are put into a haze. As things are with us, there is an aesthetics in the roughness of the plan which brings out the fineness, which makes life to be desired, the undesirables notwithstanding. An emphasis is laid in trust, and love, and patience, and wonder, and hope. Reason and intellect, and their suspicions, are thrown into shade; the empire of intuition, emotion, and imagination commands the field.

2. The mental equipment is feeble and insufficient. The poverty of the poor is the distress of the philanthropist; we look on a multiplied misery. It is a public danger. When we are put to discover the sources of the misery, it is more than one cares to affirm that the whole blame is with poor hu-

<sup>1</sup> "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," Vol. 1, p. 180.

man nature. The problem is created by the imperfection which infects human capacity, and belongs to the system of things. Mr. Burns, President of the Local Government Board, has said that there are nearly one million official paupers in the country, five millions on the verge of poverty, and hundreds of thousands kept by trade unions, friendly societies, and private assistance. Allow as liberally as we like for Mr. Burns's over-estimate, and for the spendthrift and nomad class, there still remains an appalling figure of the weak and the incapable, who are respectable and decent, whose mental outfit does not carry them beyond manual labor, small crafts and trades, not competent for anything more; whose mean subsistence is a problem of our civilization, and the Weird in the creation. The men themselves are mulcted of their common rights for some ulterior hidden purpose and sacrificed to it.

Mr. Brookfield was the rector of a rural parish in Lincolnshire, a trusted friend of Tennyson and the elder Hallam,<sup>3</sup> a man brimming with humor, wit, who could extemporize an Arabian night's entertainment. He was going over a stubble field with a friend, and the two were talking about preaching, when the rector saw an old man go hobbling past. He said to his friend: "That man gets up at four, works all day long, in all weathers, crawls home at night, stiffened with fatigue and crippled with rheumatism, and flings himself down to sleep. He never complains, dines contentedly off dry bread and a bit of bacon on Sunday. He has had nothing better for years; he will never have anything else to expect. He is honest, industrious, self-denying. It is he who preaches the sermon, not I." The sermon he preached was obedience to the law of imperfection, faith

in the future of suppressed faculties, hope in the self-denial imposed upon him by Unseen Powers. The first temptation which Christ withheld, with a sorrow at His heart, was to disobedience to the law of imperfection and feebleness imposed on the human faculty, which keep men ever on the margin of a bare living. He could have bettered this condition for Himself and the race, and longed to do it. He could have turned stones into bread, and grown rich harvests, and poured plenty into the lap. But He dared not interfere with the plan of the creation. He submitted to the law of incompleteness and insufficiency, and had to let His own property and that of His race alone, in order that the spirit might be ascendant. None the less he released altruistic forces which would compel the surrender to every man of the opportunity by which he would make himself, as far as possible, equal to the grim struggle, and mitigate its harshness, for the struggle itself can know no truce.

A man's a man for a' that; and Burns, by this ditty, quickened in us the sense of greatness in every lowly soul, and himself was poor and unhappy with a splendid endowment much suppressed. Lord Morley says this song created the democracy. There is that in Wordsworth's old Cumberland Beggar which points to us "the heaven-regarding eye and front sublime which man is born to." There is that in every sleeper in the country churchyard which would have made him a Hampden or a Milton, as Gray has sung to us. He had it in him, and has carried it with him for expansion under another sky and other stars. Here it is suppressed.

3. Another factor in our constitution is the law of hindrance and frustration. Our way is barred, and we do not see why, and it looks like a caprice. We are denied time and occa-

<sup>3</sup> "Tennyson. A Memoir, by his Son." See Index on Brookfield.

sion, which are due to us, having been brought here, and which we naturally expect. Something is in the way. One man is denied what another gets easily and freely. We give a brief story of hindered lives which have found a record, but which is the story everywhere, up and down, and along all the grades on which human life moves.

Within the last ten years a Sixth Wrangler of St. John's was thrown off his horse and killed, a Fourth Wrangler of Pembroke was drowned, a Senior Wrangler of Trinity had his leg amputated, and died under the operation, another Senior Wrangler was killed mountaineering in Wales. They had only just begun, and taken a high and hopeful place, and met with frustration. During this period 700,000 of the youth and beauty of the country, after years of coughing and hemorrhage and medicine phials, and running to and fro for another climate, are moved away, and they are among the most valuable assets which the nation possesses. Having been sent here, where was the hurry? Untimely is the end, and unseemly the hindrances. But they are in the plan.

The Brontës have taken a place in our literature. Their mother died when they were infants, and they were brought up in a Rectory in a lonely moorland parish of Yorkshire. One of them in her stories seems to many a friendly reader ever to breathe a sigh that she had been denied to know what like a mother's caresses were. Born to be brought up in love, and there are a hundred thousand children who are denied what is given to the million. We all who have known the orphan and the motherless have felt the pang of this desolation, and have asked in vain for a reason of the unkindness. The whole creation is subjected to a divine discontent by reason of frustration.

When faculty has begun to ripen in middle age, and to show achievement, an arrest is ordered, and work and ideals are left unfulfilled. The law of hindrance has no covenant with aesthetics. T. H. Green was the true successor of John Stuart Mill. He died at the age of forty-six. Nettleship, ten years later, lost his life on an Alpine excursion at the age also of forty-six. Professor Wallace was killed in a bicycle accident five years later. They were the leaders of the most recent school of Oxford philosophy. Of Wallace, the late Master of Balliol wrote: "I hardly think I have known anyone who was so much oppressed with the vision of imperfection." These thinkers had not time given them to utter themselves. Their work lies in fragments. The law of hindrance takes pleasure in the law of imperfection. The Mussulman saint Hussein used to say: "God loved Hussein, but he would not suffer him to attain to anything." The law of hindrance has seemingly no equation with love. In its despite, below and behind, we see love, and feel it.

When time is given, industry and toil, and it may be, sin and evil, flow with a growing volume into seventy years of a pinching, pitiful poverty. The State has lately provided eight millions in pittances of five shillings per week, to relieve this dire distress, and the number benefited is a legion of near 700,000. It gives some little decency to life. The unwritten poem, the work which comes to so little, the unfinished wish after goodness and nobleness, the insipidity, acidity, crudity, the mere taste of existence which is allowed us, the highest and deepest in us cooped, leashed, hedged, are a spectacle. Very masterful is the law of hindrance.

4. Again, the law of disappointment is in the plan of the creation. Disappointment means that the appointments natural and proper to us are not found.

It is futile to complain and fatuous to speak of grievance. We must take to our appointments such as they are; we have to. Ruskin says that it is the fate of great Scotsmen to spend their last days in cloud and gloom. He was, no doubt, thinking of the moral gloom on the latter days of Robert Burns, and the financial clouds over Scott; perhaps he remembered Knight, the architect of Scott's monument, an unknown man, who emerged into fame by his accepted plan for the monument, but the splendid work was scarce begun, and he was drowned in a canal,—a canal in the end. He certainly was thinking of Mary, Queen of Scots, who lost a kingdom for a mass, and the Earl of Argyle, who gave his head for a kingdom. But why single out Scotsmen? It is the fate of many great men of all nations, and they represent the law of disappointment as the common doom of great and small.

We defer to the ascendancy of Napoleon over all men, who pulled down and set up kingdoms, and nearly revived in his person the Empire of the Cæsars. His latter years are spent on a barren island among frets, rats, and squabbles with the ill-fated governor of St. Helena. Bismarck was, perhaps, the most commanding statesman Europe has produced in our day, the maker of the German Empire. Clouds gather round his latter years. He is dismissed from Court, sent into his country house, and into silence and solitude, and spends his years in plaints and moans. Andrea del Sarto is a genius of the Renaissance. He invented and perfected the art of the relief in terra-cotta. His paintings are among the wealth of Florence, beyond all price. He was reduced to poverty and abandoned by his wife. He lay in bed for two days without food, and when he was discovered and food was brought, he was too far gone. He died of starvation, and we are disappointed

at Nature's ways. On a wall of the house in Florence in which he died are inscribed these sad words: "Plena di gloria e di domestici affanni"—He died full of glory and domestic sorrows. Rembrandt was the idol of his country; one of his paintings is just in the market, for which £100,000 is offered. One of them which leaves a joyous impression on everyone who has seen it in the Dresden Gallery is of himself and his beautiful young wife beside him, all radiant with happiness; and no human radiance could exceed it. He died a pauper, and we are dissatisfied with Nature's ways. After we have climbed, we drop, storey by storey, and find ourselves in the cellars of the house.

Professor Norton was the friend and correspondent of Ruskin for forty years. He speaks of his friend with all love, and yet with grief. "Such genius, such high aim, such ardent, yet often ill-directed, effort, and such great and yet broken achievement, such splendors sinking into such gloom,—it is a sorrowful story." Why this threnody? there is no special sorrow here; it is all too natural. Ideals are never realized; expectations never fulfilled. Ruskin was a brilliant genius not easily classified. The promises in him were orchids of the richest hues and rarest forms, very difficult to cultivate. If he had achieved more, we should have seen the promise of larger achievement, and we should have been disappointed all the same. In him imperfection became more vivid, frustration more cruel, and disappointment inevitable. If he had been less eccentric, and less centrifugal, he would not have been the genius he was. "They call me a great man now," Carlyle said to Froude a few days before he died, "but not one believes what I have told them." It is disappointing, and the common doom of high and low, rich and poor.

Tennyson's Arthur consecrates his Knights of the Round Table to recover a country wasted by petty feuds of petty princes, and given over to boar and wolf. They did a work of many marvels, inspired by him. It was not wholly a success. The country seemed to reel back into the wild and waste. Some of his Knights fall him, and into his very home a blackness comes. As he passes he wonders at the plan of this world:—

O me! for why is all around us here  
As if some lesser god had made the  
world,  
But had not force to shape it as he  
would.

Michael Angelo, in his ninetieth year, gave the watchword of his life: "I am still learning." When we look at his masterpieces in the Medici Tombs in San Lorenzo in Florence, we find that a foot, or an arm, or a hand is unfinished. He could not realize his idea. Boswell tells us that Johnson "used frequently to observe that there was more to be endured than enjoyed in the general condition of human life . . . for his part, he said, he never passed that week in his life which he would wish to repeat, were an angel to make the proposal to him." Every week was a dissatisfaction, spent never so socially, with Reynolds and Goldsmith, in Wine Office Court. None the less, he longed to live when the stroke fell upon him, the monition of the end. R. L. Stevenson, caged all his days in an unfinished body, writes: "Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits." Leslie Stephen, not long before his death, wrote: "I have done enough to persuade friendly judges that I would have struck,"—referring to his time scattered in journalism and dictionary-making. His environment was contracted, and did not allow him scope. We do not succeed, we do not strike, we do not arrive. We are pulled up

short, and discover that the plan of the creation is subjected to a hope in a divine discontent with imperfection, struggle and suffering. The scheme is great, and we are honored in being asked to make ourselves great in it.

We are a disappointment, because we are more than the animal and a sun or planet. We are failures, but we are more than the world in which we fail. We are divinely discontented; we are looking to the heights of another existence.

5. Pain must be admitted into the sacred contents of the original idea in the creation. Reverence has not allowed us to impute its advent and existence to the will of God. Though science has, in our day, been loud on the struggle in the lower creation, in which pain was involved, it would not speak the word pain and affirm it as primordial. Theology has made it a foreign invasion, and man the author of it in league with an enemy of the Creator. But it could not be fenced out long; time and logic forced it into the scheme of the creation. The poem of Job is a marvellous work of art, almost unrivalled for literary excellence. Our reverence has kept it a closed book. It boldly asserts that suffering belongs to the primal ideas in the constitution of the world, against the traditional idea that suffering is the penalty of wrong-doing.

It was in the year 1846 that ether was first used by Dr. Warren, of Boston, as an anæsthetic in a surgical operation. He cut out a tumor without pain from an etherized patient. Professor Liston, of London, heard of it, and began to perform successfully operations under ether, and five years ago there was celebrated in London the Diamond Jubilee of Liston's first painless operation. Simpson, in Edinburgh, followed; but it stirred him to experiments, for to him was given the vision of chemistry, that a more serv-

iceable agent could be found than ether. In 1847 he made the experiment of inhaling chloroform, and proved its efficacy by himself and his two assistants lying unconscious under the table. Wonderful vision of chemical science this, given to a soul very sympathetic with human sufferings! Still later was Lord Lister's discovery of aseptic surgery, by which mortality from operation was reduced to a minimum.

The question raised is, why and wherefore were these benevolent discoveries made so late in history, after the untold writhings of ages, and the \*untold counts of death? The human intellect had climbed high heights, and sounded great depths. It had built the Pyramids and the Parthenon of Athens, and the Pantheon of Rome. Columbus saw a continent over the expanse of the Atlantic, and found it. Plato and Luther and Shakespeare and Milton and Goethe ranged heaven and earth with their intellects, and brought a wealth to us. Surely parallel with these achievements might have gone anesthesia and aseptic surgery. Celsius, the physician of the first century, used to say that a surgeon had to be pitiless. Pity, benevolence, kindness, were left over to be the distinction and achievement of the distant nineteenth century.

The answer to the wherefore is one only. The plan of the human world did not admit it. Every epoch of the creation is imperfect in its economy, and has to be supplemented by a later. Finality is not in the plan. This means that somehow anesthesia and aseptic surgery were not wanted in the early stages, that imperfection was to have its martyrs, that suffering is laid in the heart of the creation, and as we shall see, death is but the climax of the suffering.

6. The sixth factor in the life-plan is struggle. We have been made familiar with the science of this strug-

gle, which is known as Darwinism. We know the hard labor to make a living; we know the grim fight of the body with climatic conditions; we know the stern rivalry with social conditions to secure a large share in the good things going and get well appointed. Darwin saw the forces of this struggle in Malthus's book on Population, and his eyes were opened to see it through all the lower realms. We might, centuries before the nineteenth, have seen it from the moral struggle so graphically sketched in the third chapter of Genesis. There we see the supreme moral struggle waged from the beginning and the progress achieved. We might also have seen it in Paul's thought, where the whole creation is pictured as groaning and travailing in pain as the price of progress, to bring to the birth creatures who shall be called the sons of God,—a filial man, the man within the man, as Tennyson would say.

The third chapter of Genesis is the text of an epic so deep in the truth that Milton expanded it into an epic indeed. The fragment is the work of an artist, who instructs us in man's place in the economy of the creation. Literature in this early time was the work of artists. An artist on a canvas of a foot or two, will paint a landscape of miles. So is the poet's work here, pictorial of the whole race. The first man is as all men, he knows the first man from the men around him. Our poet says, he must have been like the men of his day. He produces the philosophy of the whole human economy from a picture of the first man.

The first truth we read is in the last touches,—that man has become divine by the distinction of good and evil, perceived by him. The Lord God said, and this with emphasis, Behold, the man has become one of us to know good and evil. The second truth is that he is not allowed to lapse into the

primitive innocence, when he was not conscious of this perception. He is put out of the nursery of the garden to meet the law of struggle and the blow of battle. Cherubim are to ward him off the nursery. It would be his fall if he went back into the garden pampered on the flowers and fruits of innocence. He must "dree his weird" in good and evil, to use a homely Scotch phrase. The third truth is that in the warfare now begun, he is to be victorious along the whole line. I will put enmity between the seducing guide of evil and the divinely good in the woman, between the two tendencies. Evil will wound the heel of goodness, goodness will crush the head of evil. The genius of the artist foresees the future here and there.

The fourth truth is that when conscience awoke, man found, in the heights and deeps of him, the consciousness of God. Religion was born that day; he felt the awfulness of God; a vastness opened out; the eternal and the infinite spoke to him. The fifth truth is that with conscience and consciousness he will make acquaintance with death. He will know how meaningful death is, the very opener of the gates of the eternal and the infinite in him. Our poet could not have written "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," and then added that he would kill death and live on, though wounded. In his lower estate death had no meaning; it was fate, and he took it as life below. The sixth truth is that, in the epoch opened, suffering and struggle have begun as factors of progress. Woman will bear pain in the joy of conception; man will have a dire fight to get his bread. He will suffer disappointment, frustration, imperfection; and for all that he has risen, and must rise, higher and higher.

A poet cannot put his vision into logical array. He sees too much, and cannot put the parts into proportion

and perspective. An original calamity is out with this epic fragment. We read in it the opening of a new epoch in the creation. Original sin is not a helpless taint of blood from an ancestor. It is, with original goodness, our native constitution, for us to mar or make it, to win or lose in the struggle. We win if we keep the primal sympathy by correspondence with God the Creator and Father and God the Spirit of our spirit, and, in this advanced period of time, with God the Son, in the Three-ness of the Godhead.

Evil is in toying with imperfection. We are commissioned to make it less imperfect. Evil gives it scope. Incapacity is committed to us to develop capacity by industry and work. Evil is in making ourselves amateurs in labor, dilettante in industry. Evil is the indifference which takes hindrance lying down, capitulating to the blows and rebuffs of fortune, calling struggle an unkindness, discontented with suffering. The sources of evil are, that having found our fountains in God, we do not keep them in correspondence with Him. Native goodness avails as it is regenerated and fertilized by society in the Unseen.

The accomplished divines of the Westminster Assembly, whose work has endured for more than two centuries, defined sin thus: "Sin is any want of conformity unto and transgression of the laws of God." This shows sin working in its effects. We get to the roots when we define sin as the refusal, or delay, or indifference to open communications with God the Father, and God the Spirit, and God the Son, and to initiate filial relations with the Unseen. Dante, in a line which Matthew Arnold tells us is the most perfect single line of poetic rhythm, has given us the positive of which sin is the negation:—

In thy will is our peace.

Tennyson puts it for us in two lines,

which touch to the quick the deepest in us, as a shaft of light out of the infinite:-

Our wills are ours we know not why,  
Our wills are ours to make them thine.

Crucifixion is found in these elements of the creation for us. R. L. Stevenson is crucified on the altar of consumption; Andrea del Sarto on the altar of poverty. Oxford philosophers

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die on the cross of hindrance; Ruskin on the cross of his genius; Bismarck on the cross of his greatness. Johnson carries the cross of dissatisfaction; Carlyle is disappointed on his deathbed. They represent the dumb millions, and speak the original plan.

We see in these latter days that we are crucified with Christ, with sequels of the resurrection and ascension. We are saved by Hope.

W. W. Peyton.

## THE LION.<sup>1</sup>

BY PER HALLSTROM.

The people of Florence received of the Emir, on the Isle of Gelbe, near Tunis, a full-grown, very large, and handsome lion. Whether he was expecting some service in return for his gift, or only gave it out of sympathy with the enemies of Pisa, we do not know. The gift arrived, and great crowds flocked out through the San Frediano gate to meet it, and, drawn by white oxen that snorted in vague fear and hurried on their slow pace, the king of the desert was brought into their town through lines of people in festal array, amid cheering and waving of caps, while the very air seemed to roll in waves and overflow with the ringing of bells as a lake rises with the spring floods. The beast walked to and fro in his cage, stepping with nervous tread that caused the bluish claws to show themselves, but he carried his head proudly poised, and his eyes, with their pupils narrowed in the sunshine, gazed disdainfully down upon the crowd and on all that was

unintelligible taking place around him. The people had never seen a lion before, and they were beside themselves with joy that their town now possessed this new wonder. It seemed to all as if Victory herself were being brought to them. On the Piazza di San Giovanni, behind the octangular church, which then had neither its marble facings nor its Paradise gates, they had built a strong enclosure. Thither they brought the lion, and, having feasted their eyes upon him the whole day, they left him there at nightfall with his eyes shining like yellow sparks.

He used to lie immovable, with his head high poised and his eyes wide open and calm. He did not seem to see what surrounded him, but gazed in dreams towards an horizon wider than any ocean, and a sun larger and more flaming than ours. Not a hair stirred in his thick, luxuriant mane, nor were his eyes diverted from the peace of that distant vision. The food they

<sup>1</sup> Per Hallström, artist, poet, thinker, was born in Stockholm, September 29th, 1866. In 1888 he became civil-engineer by profession, but has from 1897 exclusively devoted himself to his literary work. His first book, a volume of poems, 1891, was followed by two novels, and several volumes of shorter stories. Then, in 1900, the volume including *The Lion*, *His dramas*, *The Count of Antwerp*, and *Blanca Capello*, as well as *A Venetian Comedy*, and *Erotikon*, a comedy have all been successfully produced in Stockholm. Since 1901 he

has also published another volume of poems, several novels and shorter stories, and quite recently a book of essays. About three years ago, at the death of Professor C. R. Nyblom, Per Hallström was chosen to succeed him as one of the Eighteen of the Swedish Academy, the highest literary distinction that can be conferred on a Swedish author. He resides at Saltsjö Storängen, near Stockholm. *Thanatos*, a volume of short stories by Per Hallström, is now in course of preparation for English readers.

brought him he would leave untouched for hours without even throwing it a passing glance, only to spring upon it after dark with a single bound, and with a roar that frightened the children out of their sleep and made the horses break loose in their stables—then to devour it, purring aloud the whole time as if he wished to deceive himself and played at being free, while silence spread around him. That lion became the idol of the Florentines, and, as it were, the symbol of the glory and the future of their town. Sometimes they brought him captured wolves, the heraldic animal of their arch-enemy, Siena, and rejoiced to hear them whine with fear, like beaten puppies, and without even an attempt at resistance receive the deathblow. But the lion never touched their dead bodies; he sat more immovable than ever, proudly indignant at having been disturbed. One day, in a moment of carelessness, a keeper left the gate un-surely fastened. As the lion lay there dreaming, without changing the expression in his golden eyes, he rose slowly and struck down the barrier with his paw, and, still dreaming, he walked slowly out on to the Piazza and recovered his freedom. Then, with supernatural rapidity, there spread such a terror as no one there had ever experienced. Just as when a sudden gust of wind sweeps down among withered leaves, reeds, and bushes, and whirls a thousand objects up in the air, and with noise and rustling bends everything before it, so fear rolled over the Piazza; no one turned to look; all, both animals and human beings, felt its approach. With the tramp of flying feet and hoops, the Piazza was swept bare, the neighbouring streets were filled as with a flood, and before the echo of the tumult had resounded, the people had reached the walls whence it came. Everyone made for his home, and not till within

its four walls did they feel themselves safe. Voices hardly venturing to find utterance moaned when they reached the gates; hands knocked on the wood till they bled. Once inside, shutters and doors were barred and bolted, and they anxiously counted to see if the family circle was complete. In wider and ever-widening rings the noise spread over the whole town, but in the very centre, where it had started, there was a horrible and intense silence as if everything had been changed into a wilderness. Doubly chill after the noise, this silence spread and grew, and through it, dreaming, as though still in the calm of the desert, marched the lion. He walked with long, unaccustomed, but elastic steps, with nothing to remind one of his nervous tramping in the cage. From the top-most windows of the houses they peeped out, hesitatingly and timorously, with weapons in their hands, most of them still doubtful as to their right to kill the pride of the town, some actually throwing their spears. The lion did not turn his head, but only passed by, where the steel rattled harmlessly on the street; he seemed not to notice anything.

At Orto San Michele there was then no church, not even yet a market-place, but a bit of green field with a few bushes, and a little chapel to the Blessed Virgin, and an image of the archangel. There the stiff-necked nobles of Florence were beheaded during the revolutions, where children now played. When the lion saw the green field he paused, and his look altered. Perhaps he felt more at home now that these strange streets had come to an end, and the ground again was soft under his feet. His large eyes turned from their distant goal, to gaze at the world around him. He stood still slightly crouching, as if ready to spring, his eyes sparkling playfully and cruelly as he watched the little ones

moving about. One of them caught sight of him; a scream sounded; then they fled helter skelter like frightened chickens. He took a spring—the little ones were scattered right and left, but one little boy still lay where he had tumbled. The lion placed his heavy paw upon him, and then lay down as if to rest.

There was a special story relating to that boy.

His name was Orlando, and he was the son of a young, smart, and gay wool-dyer, Gherardo by name, who in one of the frequent insurrections of the town had been stabbed to the heart by a personal enemy of his, the smith Pela. His young wife, Sobilia, was then with child, and at the news of the murder, just when the whole expanse of her hatred and despair had turned into darkness and confusion, broke by blood-red flashes, she felt the child move for the first time. She was a hot-tempered, passionate woman, but at this sign she subdued her shrieks, and shed not a single tear. She took it as a promise of revenge, and she was certain that she would give birth to a son. When the child was born, not a groan passed her lips. With red cheeks and dry, glistening eyes she lay, all the while singing merry, wild songs such as rise and flutter above the surging tumult of armed crowds, and her first caress was nearly suffocating in its violence. The child became her all. She carried herself erect in her poverty, and with a strange glimmer of joy in her eyes she met the gaze of Pela every time she saw him, so that he turned away in confusion. He guessed her thoughts, but would have been ashamed to feel fear, even had the child been a grown man, as he had many sons and male relatives, and was besides well able to defend himself. Orlanduccio grew up, became bright and spirited, and strong for his age.

That day Sobilia sat spinning, when

she heard the noise surging through the streets. She started up, and rushed out; but to her question they only cried one word of warning as they dashed into their houses, hurriedly shutting the doors behind them. Her only thought was of her son, and she sped on, meeting the thinning stream of people, straight on to face the danger that threatened.

"Bilia," they screamed. "Bilia, the lion is loose! For heaven's sake, turn back."

But she shook her head, and only ran on the faster. "Not that way, not that way," they cried. "He is at Orto San Michele; listen to us; it is madness!"

Bilia heard the name. Orto San Michele! That was just where her son was, and she sped on like an arrow.

On passing Pela's house she looked up at their windows, as was her wont. There stood the one she hated, with all his red-cheeked, healthy brood, the doors closed and safe, the house broad, their faces grinning with a sense of security after the fright. She thought they were all laughing at her in proud insolence. Then her heart shrank with unbearable anguish; she had not felt like that ever since they brought her the news of her husband's death. Then consolation was near at hand, but now—but now! and she could have fallen down, crushed by her impotent rage. As she sped on, her blood throbbing in her temples, and her breath choking her, thoughts began to shape themselves in her mind whence fear had driven them, and her lips moved quickly as if she were forming the words into sound. She heard herself speaking with a strangely weird, hoarse, and dry voice, that snapped just as it was about to rise into a shriek: "Perhaps just now the beast is smashing my boy's skull as he did to the wolves! If I were there I might

stop him with my screams; then I could give voice to them, frighten him with a look, or provoke him to come to me by waving my arms like this! I have only one—he over there has many—they stand laughing at me. Heaven and hell, what will become of my vengeance?"

She had reached the spot. Someone was lying there. Yes, to be sure, Orlanduccio!—who else could it be? Was he dead already, or was he still alive?

In all her horror she knew instinctively that she must appear calm—it was her only chance. So she regained composure, she slackened her speed, and walked with deliberately slow steps towards the beast, while her excitement still betrayed itself in her trembling arms and hands. The blood pulsed in her veins with a sound of muffled drums, her eyes were dilated so that they smarted with pain in her anguish to discover if her son were still alive. He did not move, but nothing red was flowing, nothing shone in the light. His small, rounded limbs were not in that state of collapse which death instantly effects—he was perhaps unharmed. Then first she noticed the lion, and turned her eyes on him. He lay as he used to lie with his head carried high, gazing into the far distance.

Was he dreaming as he was wont, was he lost in thought? Had he looked around and noticed all those gray nests shutting in the horizon on all sides, and how it was vain to seek a way out between them—how the world was transformed for him into a place where he could no longer breathe freely, because it was no longer his? Was there a sadness in his large golden eyes with their sharp, narrow glance? was there a longing to reach some vast, golden, shining expanse, immeasurable, bordering on a boundless blue, blazing with dazzling light, deepening into a purple and brazen glow—a world which

perhaps now, as a vague memory, possessed no more reality than the nightly visions from which he was awakened by the shuddering cold. Was it pride only, great and undisguised pride that ceases from all effort in a world of petty things, that lets outer realities pass by unheeded, and dreams on without even caring to give shape to his dream.

He even disdained to look down upon the prey under his paw, and when it trembled his claws were just thrust forth, only to be nervously drawn in again the next moment, without tearing it. When Sobilia came up to him he did not move his head; he only lowered his gaze now and again, meeting her eye with gradually dilating pupils. Sobilia spoke to the lion. In her excitement she had indeed spoken the whole time, scarcely knowing it; now it was so natural to beg, and plead, and threaten for the sake of her only treasure. "Give him to me," she said, "give him to me! You do not know what he is to me. You do not know how much I need him. You see, others have so much; they have riches, they have husbands, they have many children, they have fine horses, and mules with red favors, and shells on their bridles; they go strutting about in their fine clothes, and hear jealous whispers behind them as they go on their way."

The lion again turned his gaze to the far distance, proudly disdainful and unapproachable in his dream.

Sobilia pleaded more and more eagerly, now and again stopping to emphasize her words with gestures.

"I too lived a different life once; I laughed and was merry. I had a strong, brave husband. A coward killed him. Since then I have only thought of vengeance. I have spun early and late; my fingers are hard and like wood—see here! The distaff twirls round and round, and every time I

think: if this thread holds now, then I shall some day carry out my intent; if the thread snaps now, it means his life. Vengeance, do you understand, vengeance—what is left me but that?"

The lion looked down again. His gaze was strangely distant, strangely calm, but still it seemed to Sobilia as if he were nearer her now, as if he understood her a little, and she made haste breathlessly to seize the moment.

"Vengeance, do you see? it is he there, my Orlanduccio, who shall carry it out. I have only him, and I cannot have any more children, do you understand, as my husband is dead. That is why it is Orlanduccio who must take revenge. That is why you must give him back to me."

She had nearly reached him, and was prepared to bend down and take her child; surely the lion must be convinced now.

But he did not lift his paw; he did not move; he only gazed at her, and beyond her far away. She got angry, and nodded at him in a threatening way. "Are you one of those cowards who enjoy trampling on the down-trodden, and who snarl at the ragged? Are you a cur to be driven with blows? You could have taken Pela's children, the murderer's brood; he has a whole flock of fat, healthy, hateful brats. You dared not do that; but me you think you can rob—rob me of all I possess, and my vengeance!" She lifted her arm as if to strike. The lion turned his eyes on her. She met those big golden eyes, where sparks seemed to dance in the centre of wild destructive light. She trembled; her horror and tears were about to break forth, but she controlled herself, as she well knew that else all would be lost. She kept her eyes fixed on his, which again sought the distance, with a melancholy, proud, and absent expression.

"No, no, dear friend," she continued, "I can see you do not belong to them.

Let me now take him—no claws out, no claws out, don't scratch him, he has such a soft skin! Now, I just bend a little; I trust you, of course, you would not hurt us; just lift your paw a little. Now I pull; see you don't scratch him! That's right. Now I have got him. You have not hurt him at all—thanks, thanks."

She was on her knees, and had got hold of her child, and pulled him out very slowly so that there should be no jerking of the paw. Her head was close to the lion's mouth; in her hair she could feel his hot, dry, sharp breath.

But he did not stir, seemed not even to notice her or the child; the paw touched the ground softly, and his gaze did not drop a line from its distant object.

She crept back a few steps very slowly, with her child on her hands. Then she could rise, and hold him in her embrace; then first she realized the whole danger. Till now she had carried on a strange, overwrought game with it; now she felt her knees tremble, everything grew black before her eyes as she rose up. At the same time, her new bewildering joy moaned within her at the thought that she might yet lose it, and the danger seemed twice as great as ever. The lion lay still as if moulded in bronze, and had no thought of her, as she with silent steps glided backwards, embracing her treasure with trembling arms, feeling with lips and cheek if it were safe and sound, while her eyes were still fixed on the luminous eyes of the beast.

At last behind some bushes she ventured to turn round and look at her child. He was quite unharmed, and had not even fainted. By some wise instinct he had remained quite immovable so as not to anger the beast, but still had scarcely understood the whole danger.

His mother threw him up in the air, and caught him again in wild rapture. Mary and San Michele, how beautiful he was! Not one of his chubby limbs was hurt—only a little earth in his hair, easily brushed off. God in heaven! Now her tears were ready to flow in an endless stream, infinitely soothing, infinitely sweet, now they might flow. But no; just then she met her boy's black eyes, darker than usual, still filled with surprise and fear, and they reminded her of another pair of eyes now long closed, and the memory returned to her of all she had been thinking and saying in her bewilderment. No tears, then long ago she had shed none—now no tears, but joy and a triumphant hope which now was more certain of victory than ever! She gazed into her boy's eyes; they grew deep and large and wise when they met hers; sparks kindled in them.

"You heard, Orlanduccio, what I told him? You understand that was why he gave you back to me?"

The child understood, and his eyes became as hard as his mother's.

And proudly, though calm and with a rather disdainful smile, she walked down the road on her way home.

"Bilia," they called to her from the casements, "Bilia, where have you been? Did you see him?"

Bilia threw her head back. "He had taken my child, and I took it back from him. He is still lying over there. Why do you creep indoors, and are so scared, when a woman has dared to go to him?"

She passed down the empty streets in triumph, the centre of all wondering eyes; she felt greater than a queen with the child in her embrace, and carried her head high. At Pela's house she again turned to look at them. They were still there, staring at her, but they were no longer smiling when she turned the child's gaze in that direction. "Look, Orlanduccio, there

they are!" and four eyes, strangely sparkling with joy and triumph, were turned towards them. They scarcely realized what had happened, but had a foreboding of approaching evil.

Sobilla continued on her way homewards, answering the questions of those she met, and the men began to feel ashamed of their fear, and came together to plan what had better be done. They found that all entrances to the square could be blocked up; the fright was over, and people began to act.

The lion, with disdainful indifference, let them have their will. He lay immovable where he had laid himself down, and seemed not to hear or see anything but that which was not there—which perhaps had never existed except in his dreams at night, when all else that was strange and perplexing had vanished under the veil of darkness.

He quietly sniffed the air, and exhaled it again; but it bore no familiar message to him. His open golden eyes no longer sought anything; he only kept that steady gaze because he did not care to change it. Nothing was worth a look or an effort. Finally, when darkness closed in, and the old cage had been brought near where he was and food had been put there, he rushed madly into it from all that was incomprehensible, to find rest, and, perchance, his dreams again.

Then there were great rejoicings in Florence. The story of their strange adventure spread swiftly through the town, and Orlando and his mother were carried in triumph. It was thus the boy got his name of Orlanduccio del Leone. Fatherless as he was, it seemed as if the lion had taken him under his protection; the lion, and the honor of Florence, had some part in him, and a great future was expected of him. No one would willingly have been in Pela's shoes.

Sobilia lay down to rest that night happier than any other woman as far as the river Arno flows. Over and over again she had to tell of her deed in brief and proud words, but many times she shut the door about her and burst into a passion of joy over her child, letting loose all the confused thoughts of her brain in a stream of triumphant words, and when he fell asleep she sang by his pillow the same songs she had sung at his birth, and it seemed to her as if she had lived that moment over again.

Time passed, and Orlanduccio del Leone grew up. He liked to go by himself to the market place, San Giovanni, and look at the lion; he thought, as the others did, that he was closest to it, and this roused his courage, and early gave him ambitious dreams. Sobilia no longer suffered any want; she was respected, her work was sought after, and she rejoiced every time she had to go past Pela's house. As for Pela, time hung heavily on his hands. He was conscious of what all were thinking of him, and felt what all were looking forward to later on; his old debt was more real to him now that the strength and courage of youth were slowly but surely ebbing away. Had he wished to find security by committing a new crime, even had he been capable of such a baseness, it would not long have been unavenged, since Orlanduccio del Leone was now in a way the adopted child of Florence herself. Now, whatever may have been the cause of his trouble, whatever the secret powers may be that determine a man's happiness, which, like a living creature, pines away when the sense of security is cut off, and whose best friend is blindness among surrounding dangers, this much is certain—that sorrow crept nearer his house. His strong children met with strange misfortunes; two of them were drowned in the Arno, one lost his senses from being

burnt, his wife died, and he lost many of his kith and kin. Pela shuddered now when he met Sobilia's glance, and he had a constant presentiment of new misfortunes.

As for the lion, he too was approaching his fate.

As it happens to such as he, his chest became affected after a few winters of unaccustomed cold and damp. He began to cough, and the gigantic strength of his limbs slackened.

It was as if he longed still more passionately for freedom now that he felt the approach of something incomprehensibly binding and heavy. At times he would shake the iron bars with his out-stretched claws, roaring so that half the city woke up out of its sleep; but between whiles he seemed calmer than ever, and his large yellow eyes would rest on the people who surrounded him, their depths unlit by any spark, in a tired, pensive, almost gentle mood. To Orlando it seemed as if there were a strange, kindly recognition in the eyes when they met his, and Orlando would wait for that look many a long while in silence, his own eyes glistening and deepening. Then when it came he felt himself attracted by it towards a grief, a longing, and a vague far-off vision that he did not comprehend. He was standing in front of the cage the day on which the lion died. He would not go till the beast should have gazed on him a last time. When Sobilia came to take Orlando home the lion was lying quite still. "Why, he is dead," said Sobilia. "Come!" But Orlando lifted his finger to silence her. "No, he must look at me first," said Orlando. "Wait; now it will soon come. Now!"

With a jerk and a flashlike movement the lion rose erect. The heavy head that seemed still larger and heavier for his mane, he carried without a tremor or an effort, high and free as of yore. His legs stood firm and strong

as before; the only sign that showed what a strain it cost him was the sight of his claws deeply pressed into the ground. But the strangest thing of all was his eyes. What was he gazing at? What was he thinking of? Was he again dreaming? Nay, there was no need to dream any longer. Clearly, certainly, definitely, as definitely as a man knows that this or that thing round about him really exists, the beast understood that the fleeting visions of his dream had once been his, that the ground really was there blazing with light, that he had trodden it, that he had lived and been created for that world, and not for the cage and the suffering; aye, it was all around him—he saw it plainly now. In gently dying waves, red, brown, and blue in the shadows, the low hill on which he stood sloped down, away to the peace of the sand-ocean. Here and there glistened spots of salt-like tiny lakes, else all was just the same. The same dazzling blue covered the whole vault of the sky, immeasurably great, yet firmly defined, enclosing all within its circle. In the very centre the sun poured forth his rain of fire. By the heat of the sand the air was stirred into soft, undulating movements that looked like vapory mist. What it feels like in a lion's wide breast to stand as king and look out over such a stretch of ground, the exultation, the proud consciousness of power, but vaguely apprehended indeed by itself, and yet mighty as the storm—who can render this in human language? Orlando and his mother all but guessed at the truth, so deep and luminous was the look of the beast.

"He is beautiful, he is beautiful," Orlando said. "I must see more!"

The lion heard him, and looked down in wonder. Where was he? What had become of the vision? What was it that smarted and burned, what was this throbbing in his breast, what was

this threatening horror that chilled even his heart with fear?

In a glance Orlanduccio met his eye; it was strangely sad, full of despair, yet self-controlled. He knew and saw much more than a child could comprehend, yet it stirred his soul with vague forebodings.

Only one glance! The lion's eyes were again turned towards the distance, and had their far-off look, but no longer the same as a while ago. He saw much, much further.

Threatening, gigantic, indistinct, but deep as life itself, as the storm breaking over the changing sea of events, as the darkness it hides; plain enough to the dying gaze of a beast, yet wholly incomprehensible to the sharpest intellect of man, this foreboding, passing into certainty, pressed in upon an existence that broke. His mighty body shook, a stream of blood burst from his mouth, he fell, and soon lay immovable.

Sobilia was still lost in the memory of their first encounter. "See," she said, "he is dead. Never now forget the end for which he spared your life, and gave you back to me." Orlanduccio shrugged his shoulders angrily. Of course, that was an understood thing. He would take vengeance when the time came. First that, then all the rest that was great would follow. But he was very thoughtful, and saw continually the lion's last look, which he did not understand.

Time passed, and Orlanduccio del Leone grew up.

He was nearly a youth now; he was strong, very fearless, and did justice to his name. Every time Sobilia saw him undress at night, she silently rejoiced at the growing strength of his muscles and his quick movements. "The moment will soon come," she thought, and Orlando too knew that, but looked forward to it in proud, calm self-possession.

Round Pela sorrow circled closer and ever closer. To him it seemed to have taken definite shape; he thought he saw the shadowy form of a lion prowling round about him at fall of night, crouching as if ready to spring. He mused on what might happen before the next sunset—aye, now at this very moment he might take the leap. Then, when for a while he had forgotten all about it, it would suddenly return. His children, one after another, were torn from him by strange calamities. One fell off a horse, another received a wound from a rusty nail, a third died of drinking too cold a draught of water. Every time he met Sobilia he could see from the expression of joy that sparkled in her eyes how she was counting inwardly: four left, three more than I have; three left now, but still, two too many, nay, three too many. He clenched his hand to protect himself against her evil eye; he feared her, but noticed to his own surprise that he felt no hatred against her. Something had burst within him; it was not in his power to feel hatred.

Pela had been a violent man, passionate in desire, persistent in hate. He had taken his rights, and more than his rights; he had inflicted harm on others when he needed room for himself and for his own; he had lived his life without a thought, inconsiderate, laughing things off in heedless unconcern. He drank deep, but had a ready hand and a shrewd eye. But now sorrow and time, which alone have power to transform us, had made another man of him. Every time that Fate had brought low one of his nearest, he suffered as only the passionate man can suffer.

He had a strange sensation of having lived his life in a well-shaded grove, and now the trees were being felled around him, every blow causing intolerable suffering. A new light was streaming in on him. It was a deso-

late, cold, appalling light, but a light in which one could see. Nearer and nearer sounded the falling axe, heavier and heavier its thud; each time it fell he thought: Now I can endure it no longer—but he could. He could even think afterwards, and he knew he had never done that before. His memory reached far back, recalling half-forgotten things which hitherto time had with a calm smile kept hidden under its veil—as ruins lie hidden beneath brambles and creepers in the golden sunlight under a blue sky. More and more these memories circled round the murder of Gherardo. When it took place he had only felt a sense of satisfied hatred and of triumph, followed by a feeling of chill security. Then came the anxiety following on the first misfortune; then the fear of retribution. Now all had gradually become transformed. He experienced no remorse, no blind groping of despair to get away from it—such feelings were not in his solidly moulded nature. What was—was; it had been unavoidable, and it was irrevocable. But he felt a strange compassion for the dead man, for himself who had carried out the deed, and for nearly everything else that suffered or caused suffering—even with Sobilia, whose soul had become petrified from that moment.

When his last son died, a victim he to some treacherous, unknown disease, Pela was then no longer able to grieve over him; his sufferings had by that time taken dimensions too wide for him to be able to rock a single suffering in his bosom. He had turned to stone: but a stone which, like the one in the fairy tale, rings and vibrates with a music which an ordinary human ear has not the power to gather up. He knew that next time it would be his turn; he also knew how death would come to him, but he had no fear of it. He only longed for the moment. Merely as a duty, since his life was

still his own, and all else so uncertain, he held on to it with simple precautions.

Sobilia trembled with joy when this last misfortune overtook her enemy, but also with fear. Time was speeding on, it might soon be too late; the slowly ripening fruit might be snatched away before the vengeance came. With a voice betraying the savage passion which she held restrained in the innermost depths of her soul, she addressed her son. "Your father's dagger is hanging on the wall. Yet there is time! Soon, maybe, it will be too late." Orlanduccio del Leone took down the weapon, and stuck it in his belt, smiling in a careless, indifferent way. He sat there smiling and silent, without answering; he was tired of this. It had to be done, of course; so it was determined from the beginning; but he had never cared to talk of it, nor ever willingly thought of it. It seemed so worn out and small, such a matter of course, compared with all the feats of valor he dreamed of with his youthful mind, and, without knowing it, this had chilled his feelings for his mother. Sobilia was now every day expecting the moment. Pela, too, was waiting for it. One evening he was walking outside the town walls on his way home in his usual heavy mood. He had forgotten to take any precautions that day, and walked unaccompanied. The sun was sinking, and the broad Arno was all ablaze with light, as seen through the spare poplars by the road. He had turned towards the river, his eyes had become blinded by the brightness, but just as his sight was returning with the darkening of that fiery glory, he became conscious of the haunting lion shape prowling round and round him, crouching down to take the spring. It was now some time since he had seen it, and in bitter surprise he thought: "What do you want? You have taken all." Then he

remembered that one thing was still left—his own life. Calm, though with a shiver, he fixed his gaze on the phantom, and saw it dissolve into nothing. On the road leading from the town, sharply defined in the warm sunshine, a slender figure was seen approaching—Orlanduccio del Leone. Pela understood all, at once, and walked on with heavy and determined steps; he held his dagger in his hand, but it seemed to him that he lacked all inclination to use it, even in self-defence. No one else was in sight on the road. When they met, they exchanged not a word. The fight commenced at once, after Orlando had first darted aside so as not to have the light in his eyes. Pela only parried the thrusts, and that in a lame way; he soon fell down on the edge of the grass. The youth shuddered to feel the blood on his hand. He leaned forward to see if he had thrust deep enough, if his revenge on his enemy were complete. The light glistened on his eyelashes, and made it hard to see; yet, at the same time, his sight carried him strangely far away, back to some half-forgotten memory set in sunset glow, as now. At a turn of his head it vanished, and he could see.

Pela was done for; his body in its fall bore the impress of death. But what attracted Orlanduccio's attention was his eyes. They had no hatred at all in their depths—how strange! Here was the enemy of his childhood, yea, earlier still; he had taken his life, and yet there burnt no spark of hatred. No, they were no ordinary eyes, they did not see with common sight. His eyes gazed into the far, far distance, with infinite calm and sadness, with proud and silent resignation, and an assurance of sight that chilled Orlando's thoughts. They dilated and brightened as if ready to burst; everything expanded and brightened with them, the sunlight became strangely rarefied, the

wind sang, the trees whispered, the earth, the black earth itself, was it as firm as a moment ago?

Where had he seen that look before? When had he felt this same foreboding, though vaguely? What was it rising from his memory at this sight?

The lion, the lion's death long, long ago! The dying man seemed not to notice his murderer; he seemed altogether to have forgotten him for other, greater, and more momentous interests. Orlando felt a longing to meet his gaze, and yet shuddered in anticipation. Then Pela's eyes met his—yet without a spark of hatred, expressing rather the idea of something quite different. He even spoke—not, however, to utter a curse.

"Orlanduccio del Leone," he said. "I am grieved for you. I have wronged you, and you have wronged me. From the one to the other is the heavy burden lifted—another link in the black and endless chain. Shall there never be an end to it?" He said no more; he was in haste to turn again to his distant, inexplicable vision. It overpowered him; his eye burst, and his life with it, as a bubble when it rises towards a lighter, colder sphere.

Orlanduccio del Leone, as he stood there by the roadside, with the evening sun burning and scorching his eyelashes, shivered with bitter cold, in sadness and regret; well known, faint forebodings, memories and dreams, wove themselves together into an inconceivably great and austere vision. Silent and thoughtful he returned home, after having washed away the blood in the Arno, which now flowed on, gray and cold, just as the light rose from its surface, and shimmered in the air above. Sobilia looked up from the twilight of the room, her eyes beaming with expectation. He answered her silent question. "Now it is done," he

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said, and threw the dagger on the floor.

She was about to rush forward and throw her arms around him, and kiss him; to hug him close, and croon over him—to let loose in wild ecstasy all the joy those years had robbed her of, and which came back to her now that vengeance was taken. But with a strange movement he kept her at a distance; the sound of his voice built a wall between them.

"I have come to bid you farewell," he said; "but first of all to give you that."

She did not realize the chill of his words, only of his voice. "Of course," she said, "you have to disappear for a short while, but that we can easily arrange."

But his answer put an end to her assurance. "Long, or short, yet never back to you! You have got what you wanted; that will suffice you. I—have much to find out, much to think over. All my dreams have faded from me, Orlanduccio del Leone. Do you remember the lion? Do you remember how he died? Now I have seen another one die. I go, I know not whither."

Sobilia remained sitting in the darkness, playing with the dagger, listening absent-mindedly to the ring of the steel as it fell on the brick floor, trying to think, and to understand, groping blindly between hard triumph and bitter tears.

The great things expected of Orlanduccio del Leone were never recorded; the lion's namesake was never famed in the annals of Florence. Maybe he was noted somewhere else under another name. Maybe he had enough to do to find himself and his place in the problem of existence.

*Translated by H. M. and F. A. J.*

## AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

PAPER X.—ON THE WORKS OF MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

BY C. L. GRAVES.

1. Translate *minauderie* into the Muluveyan dialect.
  2. Who wouldn't allow her father to talk of "the devil's colors"?
  3. Whose husband had his face slapped "for a bone-idle beggar"?
  4. What sort of champagne was drunk by the horse-artillery in Egypt?
  5. Who was the "silvery ghost" that "rose bolt upright and sighed a weird whistling sigh"?
  6. To what was the landing of a
- The Cornhill Magazine.
7. twelve-pound salmon as nothing in comparison?
  8. Who said, "it is not good to look at death with a clear eye"?
  9. Who never gets into the middle of the room?
  10. What is "full of nickel-plated sentiments guaranteed to improve the mind"?
  11. Whose deaths were triple-headed?
  12. What is the worst rhyme in Mr. Kipling's poems?

## TELEPATHY AND TOTEMISM.

Forty years ago telepathy and totemism were words not understood of the people; in fact, telepathy had not been invented, and totemism had only a very limited circulation in some articles contributed by Mr. J. F. McLennan to the *Fortnightly Review*. Even now, perhaps, nobody has written the terms "Telepathy and Totemism" conjoined; for, indeed, they appear to have as little connection with each other as Humpty Dumpty and Abracadabra. Taken separately each term is now current; we find "totems" spoken of by novelists, who think that totems are little idols, or diamond brooches, representing animals; and "telepathy" has lately appeared in the address of a Scottish judge (Lord Dunedin) to a Scottish jury. Still there can be no harm in giving Mr. J. G. Frazer's latest and provisional definition of totemism from the fourth volume of his book on the subject. "We may, perhaps, say that totemism is an intimate relation which is supposed to exist be-

tween a group of kindred people on the one side and a species of natural or artificial objects on the other side, which objects are called the totems of the human group." It may be added that when a kindred of people are in this relation with a species of natural objects they bear the name of the species, such as Crabs, or Cats, or whatever it may be.

Telepathy, again, may be defined in Mr. Frazer's words (though he does not employ the term "telepathy") as the idea that "mind can affect mind through a channel other than that of the nervous system"; or, again in his words, that "mind may communicate with mind by means of which we as little dream now as we lately dreamed of the existence of radium." Mr. Frazer by no means commits himself to a belief in telepathy; nor to the belief that "what we call mind" may affect "what we call matter"; but if these effects are in nature they may account for certain phenomena which (if they

exist) have not yet been explained by Science.

Now, granting the existence of telepathy, and of the power of mind to affect matter, what has all this to do with totemism? The point, or one point, to be explained in totemism is, "How did groups of kindred people come to believe in a mysterious identity between themselves and the Cats, Crabs, Trout, Grubs, and all other species of objects whose names they bear?" In Mr. Frazer's latest theory primitive man "could not for long ages divine the truth as to the way in which children come into the world," but certain tribes of Central and Northern Australia now believe that the child is essentially a spirit which incarnates itself in a matron and gets itself born. As Tennyson puts the case in his *Epithalamium* for the late Professor Lushington:—

Star and system rolling past  
A soul shall draw from out the vast  
And strike his being into bounds.

This theory is also, as regards the sublimized Self, the view of Mr. Frederic Myers. The subliminal Self is somewhat pre-natal and even "pre-terrene." *Les extrêmes se touchent.* The two modern philosophers so far agree with the naked savants of Northern and Central Australia, but the English do not, like the swarthy thinkers, hold that the spirit has a totem.

To return to Mr. Frazer. Primitive man was long gravelled by the problem of birth, but finally decided that there was no child in being before the mother became conscious of its vitality. The first moment of this consciousness, the first realized presence of the unborn, would most naturally be connected by her with something that simultaneously struck her fancy and perhaps mysteriously vanished. "It might," says Mr. Frazer eloquently, "be a kangaroo that hopped before her and disappeared in a thicket; it might be a gay butterfly that flickered past in the sunshine with

metallic brilliancy of its glittering wings, or a gorgeous parrot flapping by resplendent in soft plumage of purple and crimson. . . ."

It *might*, or it might be a blue-bottle fly, or a mosquito. The child, when born, would be a blue-bottle fly, or a kangaroo, or anything that impressed its mother's fancy, and the object would be the child's totem.

At this point Mr. Frazer discusses birth-marks. As we all know, when the birth-mark resembles an object—say a strawberry, a lizard, an executioner's axe—it is popularly supposed among ourselves to be the effect of a vivid impression made by any such object on the maternal mind before the birth of the infant. Thus legend has it that, in 1746, Lady Cromarty's baby bore the mark of an axe, because her mind had been strongly occupied by the probable decapitation of her husband, who was out with Prince Charles in the Forty-five.

Another example occurs in one of the trials connected with the heirship to the Annesley title and estates in 1743-1745. The question was, Is the claimant a natural son of Joan Laundy, a kitchen-wench in Lord Altham's household; or is he the son of Lord and Lady Altham? In the trial one witness is reported by another as having been present when the cook, quarrelling with the kitchen-wench, said, "I will mark your brat for you!" She then struck the young woman with the body of a hare which she held in her hand, and the witness is said to have declared that he went to see the child when born, and that it bore the mark of a hare.

In primitive life, on Mr. Frazer's theory, an axe would have been the totem of the Master of Cromarty, and a hare the totem of James Annesley, Esq., the claimant.

On Mr. Frazer's suggestion, as we understand it, the appearance of such

birth-marks on savage babies—marks resembling the object which, according to the mother, struck her fancy at the critical moment—would clinch the proof that the spirit of the impressive object actually was incarnated, and born as the child. As illustrations of the belief in this telepathic origin of birth-marks, Mr. Frazer gives, at second or third hand, the testimony of Mr. Walter Heape, F.R.S., who has paid special attention both to gynaecology and to cattle-breeding, and is an acknowledged authority on both subjects. In one case—reported to Mr. Heape by a lady concerning her own sister—the birth-mark was a raspberry mark, the lady having been extremely partial to that fruit. In another case the mark was a lizard, the wife of Captain W. (who told the anecdote to Mr. Heape) having been alarmed by a lizard, which fell on her chest during her sleep and awoke her. She predicted that her child would bear the mark of a lizard on its chest, and it did. Mr. Heape, naturally, does not commit himself to the fact of the transference of such mental impressions from mother to child, and thinks that "most scientific men are inclined to deny that such transference really occurs. Personally I am not prepared to deny it, but it is true that I cannot explain how it is done."

We need not here discuss the immense obstacles encountered by Mr. Frazer's theory of the origin of totemism. But, as to the origin of birth-marks we require among ourselves a census of birth-marks resembling natural or artificial objects, with "record evidence" as to the statements made by mothers before the births of the marked children. We also need to know whether Australian blackfellows have birth-marks, and what their beliefs on the subject may be, if beliefs they possess. If they do, it may clear up an unsolved problem in the totem-

ism of the Northern Australian tribes. Meanwhile, on Mr. Frazer's showing (and granting the facts to be facts, which he does not warrant), if "the impressions," as he writes, "made on a mother's mind are really imprinted on the mind and the body of her unborn infant," where are we? We are in a situation that would have been most grateful to Mr. F. W. H. Myers. For nobody can suppose that the mental suggestions of the mother can affect "the *mind*"—that is, the ordinary everyday supraliminal intelligence of an unborn babe—who never saw a lizard, a raspberry, or a headsman's axe. The intelligence of an embryo, which can accept telepathic suggestion and affect matter by impressing on its body the image of the suggested object, can only be Mr. Myers's "subliminal self," existing pre-natally, a "pre-terrene" soul or spirit.

Thus we arrive at the philosophy of the Arunta and other Central and Northern Australian tribes, who hold that the soul is a pre-natal spirit! It must be so (granting the facts), for the ordinary mind even of a baby of six months old has no notion of what is meant by an axe, a lizard, a raspberry, or a hare, and a mother might tell the baby long enough that he ought to produce a lizard or a strawberry mark on his left arm without being rewarded by his obedience—that is, unless the baby were hypnotized. Now it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to hypnotize so young an infant, but the babe unborn, "if that hypothesis of theirs be sound," reacts directly to telepathic suggestion, like a hypnotized patient who develops a blister at command.

Interesting and unexpected as are these notions we can only appeal to science for large collections of historical and experimental evidence as to birth-marks being the result of telepathic suggestion.

## DR. JOHNSON.\*

We have met people who can see nothing funny in "Pickwick," others who find only trivial dullness in Jane Austen; others, again, who damn at a venture Johnson and all his works because they know only that Johnson wrote a dictionary of English, a thing they neither possess nor miss. Conversations in the last class, however, are frequently being made, just as the public is realizing that there are, after all, some excellent tunes in classical music. The present specimen of "The Regent Library" should encourage "the general reader and the busy man who can spare but little time to devote to books" to take to Johnson, discover Boswell's "Life" and henceforth have at hand a book which can be dipped into at leisure with the certainty of finding good things.

The choice of so popular a philosopher as Mr. Chesterton to introduce the volume will in itself commend it. But we doubt if in his fourteen pages of Introduction he has realized the audience for which the book is designed. Fourteen pages are really not enough to exhibit the facts of Johnson's life; summarize his books and their worth; and indicate the discrepancies of thought and action which make up a complicated character typically English, one hopes, in courage and doggedness, but otherwise far from the English ideal. The average Englishman is certainly not capable of Johnson's self-imposed penance at Uttoxeter; he does not often rise to literary fame after starving in a garret, and living on four-pence halfpenny a day; nor has he those defects of constitution which made Johnson melancholy. In ignor-

ing Johnson's early struggles and sufferings Mr. Chesterton surely omits an essential part of the picture. The matter and tone of "The Vanity of Human Wishes" happen to have suited Johnson's own life, but they might have been alien to his actual experiences, as they were already prescribed by Juvenal, and in Johnson's day translations of the classics were an obvious way to repute. "Rasselas" we cannot regard as a work of high merit: the comparison with "Candide" is fatal to it. The "Lives of the Poets" Mr. Chesterton appreciates with due gusto, but we think it a pity that he has forgotten those revealing political pamphlets, "The False Alarm" and "Taxation no Tyranny."

The Introduction has, as might be expected, some theses to offer, and some exaggerations. Starting with the truism "that Samuel Johnson is more vivid to us in a book written by another man than in any of the books that he wrote himself," we are led on from "this obvious fact to its yet more obvious explanation":

In Johnson's books we have Johnson all alone, and Johnson had a great dislike of being all alone. He had this splendid and satisfying trait of the sane man; that he knew the one or two points on which he was mad. He did not wish his own soul to fill the whole sky; he knew that soul had its accidents and morbidities; and he liked to have it corrected by a varied companionship. Standing by itself in the wilderness, his soul was reverent, reasonable, rather sad and extremely brave. He did not wish this spirit to pervade all God's universe; but it was perfectly natural that it should pervade all his own books.

We confess that we cannot see much in all this. The ordinary man, whether lamentably sane or brilliantly erratic, does not wish "his own soul to fill the

\* "Samuel Johnson." By Alice Meynell and G. K. Chesterton. "The Regent Library." (Herbert & Daniel.)  
"Dr. Johnson, Lexicographer, Scholar, Man of Letters." By Alexander Cross. (St. Catherine Press.)

whole sky," unless, perhaps, he happens to be a popular preacher; and the ordinary man likes company. It is true that he does not care to vary it so much as Johnson did, and does not, as a rule, wait for the other man to speak first, a point Johnson emphasized as true concerning himself. We cannot, however, admit that all Johnson's books are uniformly sombre. The characteristic of the age was to moralize, to improve and enlarge the understanding, which must seem a sombre business to present students of smartness and light.

The essential comedy of Johnson's character is discovered in his "strenuous and sincere belief in convention, combined with a huge natural inaptitude for observing it." This statement is, we take it, exaggerated on both sides. It is followed by some imaginative reconstruction of his behavior:—

He would have innocently explained that a delicacy towards females is what chiefly separates us from barbarians with one foot on a lady's skirt and another through her tambour-frame. He would prove that mutual concessions are the charm of city life, while his huge body blocked the traffic of Fleet Street: and he would earnestly demonstrate the sophistry of affecting to ignore small things, with sweeping gestures that left them in fragments all over the drawing-room floor.

This picture of a rowdy giant lacks evidence, so far as we are aware. A Duchess of Devonshire denounced Johnson as a coarse eater, but she did not mention that he broke any of her china, which would surely have been a fact more memorable to her.

The suggestion that one should be cautious about accepting too easily many sayings concerning Johnson by his contemporaries and intimates is notable, and Sir Walter Raleigh has shown recently the distortion due to Boswell. Cowper, who had read both

Hawkins and Boswell, described Johnson and his circle as "coxcombs." Mr. Chesterton insists that Johnson only "talked for victory" when the talk became a fight, and his zeal for truth is insisted on. This last quality no student of Johnson would deny, but to say that he always began answering graciously and even impartially is too much. We must not forget that he was a dictator, and dictators have seldom distinguished themselves by forbearance. In his brilliant circle there were many men who could speak well enough, if he did not, and surpass him in some corner of his vast field of disputation. He had to make some answer in order to preserve his domination; he spoke in Johnsonese when he had time, or could refine on his first abrupt remark. But generally there was not time, and so we have, apart from mere rudeness, frankly recognized by all his admirers, keen, concise English which is worth a wilderness of ornate reflections. There is a great gulf between this talk and his characteristic writing, nor does Leslie Stephen really bridge it over, as he professes to do, in his essay in "*Hours in a Library*." The reader is told by Mr. Chesterton to

get rid of the lazy modern legend that whenever Johnson decides he dogmatizes, and that whenever he dogmatizes he bullies. He must be quit of the commonplace tradition that when Johnson uses a long word he is using a sort of scholastic incantation more or less analogous to a curse.

Further he is instructed to think of the "modern leader-writer" and the "rambling polysyllables of our modern books and magazines," and compare them with Johnson.

Free from the influence of the legend and the extraordinary tradition above adumbrated, we see no particular advantage in discussing the obvious fact that the average journalist and popular writer of to-day are markedly inferior

to Johnson. The very conditions of journalistic life; the zeal for popular success, and popular success only; the frequent sneers at the academic education of which Johnson was so proud; the prevalence of slipshod writing (which may be seen in the first sentence we quote above concerning Johnson's clumsiness); the absence of any standard either of logic or lucidity—all these considerations make comparison with a serious and careful writer of English futile.

We prefer to ask why Johnson wrote as he did, and why his style is less effective than the highly Latinized idiom of Sir Thomas Browne, Burke, and Gibbon. Now the Introduction makes a useful and witty point in explaining that a man may be "an optimist to his publisher, and a pessimist to his wife." In fact, the style is often not the man, and sometimes strangely at variance with his natural tastes and temperament. But in Johnson's case we see in his writing the defects of his physical and mental condition. He was constitutionally indolent; he did not enjoy writing, like the born author; and the spur of social converse was needed to quicken his thoughts, to introduce "that levity and cheerfulness which disencumber all minds from awe and solicitude, invite the modest to freedom, and exalt the timorous to confidence." The balance of this characteristic dictum is mechanical, and it indicates a mind which did not move easily or briskly, but sought to gain time in leisurely paraphrase. There was, too, a desire for the truth in exploring regions beyond the purview of the ordinary writer and thinker of his day. We do not know if the comparison has been made, but it seems to us that the same struggle for utterance appears in the work of Thucydides, who aims designedly at political instruction. He, however, can hardly, one thinks, have been easy reading to the Athenian of

his day, and Johnson is at least always clear in his meaning.

In dealing with the substance of Johnson's criticisms the Introduction reminds us that what seems old-fashioned may come into vogue again, with references to the "hobble skirt" and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Johnson is praised for writing of Shakespeare "just as if Shakespeare had been a human being." Nothing, however, is said of the wide gulf which separates literary criticism in Johnson's day and in our own. Poetry then was expected to be moral and improving, and judged by that standard; now it is not. People do not continue to read Young's "Night Thoughts" with fervor, nor do they require odes to be didactic. This is a commonplace, of course, to students of the eighteenth century, but it may not be so to the readers of "The Regent Library." Mr. Chesterton's conclusion as to Johnson's immortality is excellent:—

The world will always return to him, almost as it returns to Aristotle; because he also judged all things with a gigantic and detached good sense.

Johnson introduces his edition of "Samson Agonistes" with an apt reference to Aristotle, but the signs of acquaintance with the "Ethics" or "Poetics" in the present world of writing are not overwhelming. Aristotle, alas! was not anxious to say a good thing, like Mr. Bernard Shaw.

The selection of pieces in prose and verse is excellent. We are pleased to see a fragment from "A Journey to the Western Isles," which Mr. Chesterton ignores; part of the castigation of Soame Jenyns's pretentious "Inquiry"; and Mrs. Thrale's reply as well as the harsh letter which provoked it, when Johnson denounced her as "ignominiously married." The selections from the "Lives" are compressed by the lack of space—there are but two paragraphs from the life of Savage—but they are

sufficient to show the quality of Johnson's best work. The affecting lines on Levitt end the text, which is supplemented by a useful but by no means perfect "Bibliography." All Dr. Birkbeck Hill's editions should have been mentioned; the five editions named of Boswell's "Life" are hardly representative; and there is recent work of importance on Mrs. Thrale.

The essay by Mr. Alexander Cross on "Dr. Johnson, Lexicographer, Scholar, Man of Letters," was originally a lecture delivered before the Parkhead Literary Club, and is now "published at the request of many friends." It supplies in thirty-nine pages an admiring summary of Johnson's life and writings, and, though not strong on the critical side, is good in its selection of characteristic anecdote.

"London" is described as an imitation of the Second Satire of Juvenal on p. 4, and of the Third on p. 20; and there is more than one error in the quotation from Johnson's life of Dryden. "Rasselas" was Mr. Cross's introduction to Johnson's works, and he regards it as "a wonderful production of

The Atheneum.

beauty and power," and as "expressed in a style chastened and condensed." We are even told that "Johnson had trained himself to condensed expression." The training was certainly incomplete. The "Rambler" and "Idler" are "amongst the most delightful brief essays in our language. They won their way solely by their merits, their lofty tone, and their finished and enchanting periods." Brougham, whose name we have not seen in literary criticism for years, is produced as a guarantee for the merit of the "Lives of the Poets." "Charles Lamb is reported to have said wittily that he had been trying all his life to like Scotsmen, but had been obliged to desist in despair." The caution of this statement is unnecessary, for we have the sentiment as printed from Lamb's own pen in his "Essays."

We have quoted enough to show the quality of Mr. Cross's account. With Mr. Chesterton's it might form a text to dilate on at Lichfield. Johnson is an excellent subject to talk about, and that talent which was meant for disputation will doubtless not be wanting.

## LEPANTO.

[Tripoli was taken by the Italians on the anniversary of the Battle of Lepanto.]

White founts falling in the Courts of the sun,  
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run,  
There is laughter like the fountains in the face of all men  
feared,  
It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard,  
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips,  
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.  
They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy,  
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,  
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,  
And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the  
cross.  
The cold queen of England is looking in the glass;  
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass,

From evening isles fantastical rings faint the Spanish gun  
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is laughing in the sun.

Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half-heard,  
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has  
stirred,

Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half attainted stall,  
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall.

The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has sung,  
That once went singing southward when all the world was  
young,

In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,  
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.  
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,  
Don John of Austria is going to the war,  
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold  
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old gold,  
Torch-light crimson on the copper kettle-drums,  
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and he  
comes.

Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,  
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world,  
Holding of his head up for a flag of all the free.

Love-light of Spain—hurrah!

Death-light of Africa!

Don John of Austria  
Is riding to the sea.

Mahound is in his paradise above the evening star,  
(Don John of Austria is going to the war.)  
He moves a mighty turban on the timeless houri's knees,  
His turban that is woven of the sunsets and the seas.  
He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from his ease,  
And he strides among the tree-tops and is taller than the  
trees,

And his voice through all the garden is a thunder sent to bring  
Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing.

Giants and the Genii,  
Multiplex of wing and eye,  
Whose strong obedience broke the sky  
When Solomon was king.

They rush in red and purple from the red clouds of the morn  
From temples where the yellow gods shut up their eyes in  
scorn;

They rise in green robes roaring from the green hells of the sea  
Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless creatures be;  
On them the sea-valves cluster and the gray sea-forests curl,  
Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of the pearl,

They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue cracks of the ground,  
 They gather and they wonder and give worship to Mahound:  
 And he saith, "Break up the mountains where the hermit-folk  
     can hide,  
 And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide,  
 And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not giving rest,  
 For that which was our trouble comes again out of the west.  
 We have set the Seal of Solomon on all things under sun  
 Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of things done  
 But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains, and I know  
 The voice that shook our palaces—four hundred years ago:  
 It is he that saith not "Kismet"; it is he that knows not Fate,  
 It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey in the gate!  
 It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the wager  
     worth,  
 Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be on the earth."  
 For he heard drums groaning and he heard guns jar  
 Don John of Austria is going to the war  
 Sudden and still—hurrah!  
 Bolt from Iberia!  
 Don John of Austria  
 Is gone by Alcalar.

St. Michael's on his Mountain in the sea-roads of the north  
 (Don John of Austria is girt and going forth).  
 Where the gray seas glitter and the sharp tides shift  
 And the sea-folk labor and the red sails lift.  
 He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings of stone,  
 The noise is gone through Normandy; the noise is gone alone;  
 The North is full of tangled things and texts and aching eyes  
 And dead is all the innocence of anger and surprise,  
 And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty room,  
 And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer face of doom,  
 And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in Galilee,  
 But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.  
 Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse  
 Crying with the trumpet, with the trumpet of his lips.  
 Trumpet that sayeth ha!  
*Domino gloria!*  
 Don John of Austria  
 Is shouting to the ships.

King Philip's in his closet with the Fleece about his neck  
 (Don John of Austria is armed upon the deck).  
 The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as sin,  
 And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in,  
 He holds a crystal phial that has colors like the moon.

He touches, and it tingles, and he trembles very soon,  
And his face is as a fungus of a leprous white and gray  
Like plants in the high houses that are shuttered from the day.  
And death is in the phial and the end of noble work  
But Don John of Austria has fired upon the Turk.  
Don John's hunting and his hounds have bayed  
Booms away past Italy the rumor of his raid.  
Gun upon gun, ha! ha!  
Gun upon gun, hurrah!  
Don John of Austria  
Has loosed the cannonade.

The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle broke  
(Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke.)  
The hidden room in a man's house where God sits all the year,  
The secret window whence the world looks small and very  
drear,  
He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea  
The crescent of his cruel ships whose name is mystery  
They fling great shadows foe-wards, making Cross and Castle  
dark,  
They veil the plumed lions on the galleys of St. Mark  
And above, the ships are palaces of brown, black-bearded  
chiefs,  
And below, the ships are prisons, where with multitudinous  
griefs  
Christian captives, sick and sunless, all a laboring race—re-  
pines  
Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the mines,  
They are lost like slaves that swat, and in the skies of morn-  
ing hung  
The stair-ways of the tallest gods when tyranny was young,  
They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those fallen or fleeing  
on  
Before the high Kings' horses in the granite of Babylon;  
And many a one grows witless in his quiet room in hell,  
Where a yellow face looks inward through the lattice of his cell,  
And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no more a sign—  
But Don John of Austria has burst the battle-line;  
Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,  
Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,  
Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds  
Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,  
Throngling of the thousands up that labor under sea  
White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.  
*Vivat Hispania*  
*Domino Gloria*  
Don John of Austria  
Has set his people free.

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath  
 (Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath.)  
 And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain,  
 Up which a lean and foolish knight for ever rides in vain,  
 And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles back the  
 blade  
 (But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade).

The Eye-Witness.

G. K. Chesterton.

## THE RELATIVE STRENGTH OF FLEETS.

The two great naval reviews, of the French fleet at Toulon, and of the German fleet at Kiel, led the *Daily Telegraph* the other day to compare the relative strength of the three chief navies of Europe. So far as the building of new ships is concerned, a happier stage has now been reached, for unless her Navy Law is altered Germany will only lay down two large armored ships annually until 1917, in place of the four ships which she has laid down each year since 1907. The German Navy League and the German Admiralty naturally want to increase the number, and our own Navy League will, of course, be sadly disappointed if they don't. As the British programme is professedly based on the German, and as the recent activity in French shipyards was also aimed at Germany, a great deal depends upon the events of the next few months. Why England and France should both be building against Germany is not, however, so obvious, especially when one of the two is twice as strong as either of the others. At present our naval expenditure stands at £44 1-3 millions, or an increase of 12 millions in three years. Naval experts in the Press fear there may have to be a small reduction next year, since there will be progress on only ten large ships instead of thirteen; but the number of new ships will only affect the next financial year. On Tuesday Mr. M'Kenna himself in-

formed his constituents that "an actual reduction" of naval expenditure is in prospect unless foreign programmes are increased. Luckily France and Germany have grown so restive under the weight of indirect taxation, and artificially high prices, that both Governments will have great difficulty in carrying an ambitious programme. And possibly next spring Mr. Lloyd George (confronted, perhaps, by declining trade and revenue) may want to conciliate the taxpayers. Meanwhile, it may be well to note the comparative strength of the three navies in ships complete, or "practically complete"—i.e., undergoing, or about to undergo, trials:—

## BATTLESHIPS.

	Pre- Dread- noughts	Dread- noughts	Tonnage
Britain .....	16....40....	16....40....	922,400
Germany .....	8....20....	8....20....	462,270
France .....	6....16....	6....16....	309,641

Since this table was made up France has lost by the frightful explosion in Toulon one of its best battleships; and the much praised naval administration of M. Delcassé has been discredited by the discovery that he allowed a dangerous and defective powder to be supplied to the fleet. But besides the battleships above tabulated, the three countries have 14, 13, and four Dreadnoughts under construction or authorized, and to our own 14 the colonial ships must be added. Moreover, we are building about half as fast again

as Germany, so that, roughly speaking, two British battleships *building* are equivalent to three German. Hence, as the *Telegraph* remarked, mere "statements of ships building are misleading; we are completing to-day two of the first quartette of the large programme of 1909, Germany is completing three battleships of 1908." In first-class cruisers our superiority is overwhelming in the ratio of four to one against either France or Germany; in the second and third classes it about maintains the ratio of two to one. In one category alone, submarines, are we almost equalled, France having 70 to our 73. These figures offer weighty reasons why Great Britain, at any rate, should not continue to force the pace, as she has been doing ever since Mr. M'Kenna became a naval warrior. The *Telegraph* concluded an informing survey by a comparison of the *personnel* of the three navies, summing up strongly in favor of the British and French sailors as natural seamen and volunteers on a long service system; in sharp contrast with the German conscript, usually a landsman, who serves for three years only.

Meanwhile, it is to be observed that whatever else may happen the megalomania of naval constructors continues unabated. It was in 1906, as the *Chronicle* reminds us, that, obedient to Admiralty inspiration, the newspaper men wrote:—

"The day the 'Dreadnought' is placed in commission every other battleship in the world becomes obsolete. Within a six miles' radius no other battleship could float. The plight of a standard battleship of the Formidable type when opposed to a Dreadnought might not inaptly be compared with that of a buffalo who should fall foul of an elephant endowed with the speed of a Derby winner and the agility of a wild cat."

Now supposing there had been a

grain of truth in the first sentence. What a comment on the Dreadnought policy! What in the world led our Board of Admiralty deliberately to plan and build a ship (and so to put it on the market) which made "every other battleship in the world obsolete"? At that time, our fleet of battleships was probably four times as powerful as that of any European Power. From the moment the "Dreadnought" was launched any Power (on the above theory), which cared to build Dreadnoughts as fast as we did, could equal us. But the Dreadnought policy of building every ship larger than the last is still in full swing, with the most direful results to taxpayers in the provision of new docks and harbors. Nor is there any proof that in the next naval war the monster battleship will come off any better than it did in the year of the Spanish Armada. Here is an apparently official description (taken from the *Daily News*) of the gun trials of the new super-Dreadnought "Orion," which with its 13.5 inch guns is supposed to have superseded the "Dreadnought" as the "Dreadnought" was supposed to have superseded the King Edward type:—

All those engaged in the firing operations wore wool-padded ear flaps. The guns were discharged by pressing a single electrical trigger in the fire control station at the top of the central tripod mast, the trigger being an integral part of the new range-finding apparatus. The ponderous weapons, each weighing 76 tons, moved backward and then forward again in their slides under the influence of the recoil at such a speed as to make the movement scarcely noticeable. Wonderful to relate, the decks were not buckled by the blast, thanks to the manner in which they were specially strengthened. The hardened glass of the skylights and portholes was badly fractured, the covering of tinned and canned goods burst, and there was much smashed crockery.

Under the influence of the concussion the bottom of one of the ship's boats fell clean out.

The concussion was felt at Southsea, ten miles away, and the windows of the town were shaken. It is easy to understand from this description how quickly a modern battleship could place itself *hors de combat* in an action, even

*The Economist.*

if it escaped floating mines, aeroplanes, torpedoes and submarines. Another account states that all the boats on the battleship, as well as glass and furniture, were smashed. It would be interesting to know how many thousand pounds will have to be spent on repairing the ship after these firing trials.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The old, old question, "Does Prayer Prevail?" is asked in a recent volume by William W. Kinsley and answered by an argument well thought out, well divided, well put—whether it can be called convincing depends largely on the reader's attitude. The author is orthodox, careful, learned, logical, but he has a tendency to assume too much. Sherman, French & Co.

Louis How has published a brief collection of "Lyrics and Sonnets." The sonnets are very much better than the other poems. Mr. How uses the Italian form with slight variations and is easily at home in this difficult rhyming, though his vocabulary is not always stately enough for his vehicle. "She was less pretty than her frocks" is a strange line for an Italian sonnet. But sonnets like the one beginning, "The secret is—to make your sorrow sing," have all the needed dignity of expression. Sherman, French & Co.

"Puppets," by George Forbes, is an effort to make a philosophical pill attractive by putting it in a novel for jelly. The novel would have been better without the philosophy and the philosophy would have made some interesting essays. An English house-party amuses itself with various philosophical and rational problems, most of them well known to memory as the subject

of undergraduate discussions. There is some skill in the portrayal of the action of a "fresh young mind," and a good deal of common sense in some of the conclusions. The Macmillan Co.

A curious book, but nevertheless an inspiring and helpful one, has been written by Ethel Blackwell Robinson and called "The Religion of Joy." The author holds a thesis that all life is fundamentally glad, that even death when viewed in the light of immortality, is a thing of profound raptures. She quotes with approval the saying of an Arab saint, "He who sees his Master's face will not, in his prayer, recall that he was chastised at all," and goes on to prove that thesis in a study of life, religion, prayer and God. She mingles in her work many apt and beautiful quotations, closing her chapters with simple and heartfelt prayers. The style is diffuse but easily comprehensible. Sherman, French and Co.

A biography of J. L. M. Curry, with liberal extracts from his addresses and correspondence, has been prepared by Edwin A. Alderman and Armstead C. Gordon. Dr. Curry was in Congress before the war, and in the Confederate Congress and the Confederate Army during its progress; at its close, he served as professor or president in va-

rious Southern Colleges; he accepted a position under the Peabody Fund which he held until his death in 1903, and, among other honors, was ambassador to Spain at the time of King Alfonso's birth and Special Ambassador again at the time of his coronation. All this he tells breezily and well in his diary and letters. He had a broad experience of the world, and, without losing his intense patriotism—Americanism—was mellowed into a wide-visioned cosmopolitan. Macmillan Company.

"Awakening," by Maud Diver, is the story of the courtship and marriage of a high-caste Hindu girl and an English baronet. The plot, of course, hangs on their misunderstandings. The author writes with an air of great wisdom and profound insight into the Indian mind—an effect which is counteracted by her obvious begging of all the questions she raises, questions of race, birth, religion and marriage. She makes persistent and sympathetic efforts to interpret the Rama-Sita cycle to the Western reader, and ignores every disagreeable aspect of Hindu belief. The little Hindu wife is a modern Sita, set down in English country society, and her idea of family life is, by implication, held up as a model, though Anglo Saxon prejudice and Philistinism—quite cleverly—are never outraged. The influence of such a novel, with its plausible half-truths and insinuations, is open to question. John Lane.

Annie Payson Call, who has written a number of books urging rest upon the scurrying American public, has again made that public her debtor in "Brain Power for Business Men." In it she attempts to suggest by clear, well-thought-out, most sensible, advice the need of less hurley-burley in the world of buying and selling. She de-

clares that haste makes waste, especially that unnatural haste to be rich makes wrecks of men. She then goes one step further and declares that he who allows play, rest, freedom from worry, to form a determined part of his day will work better as well as live longer. "The primary causes of business strain," she says, "are business rush, business worry, unhealthy competition, and the strain of dealing with other men." The lady has a tingling style. "Most inventors are erratic; most commercial men are grabbing" is a sample of her epigrammatic way of flinging thoughts into human brains. Little, Brown and Co.

To one weary of problem novels, impatient of minute character analysis, and the homely details of every day life, "The Rugged Way," will appeal by force of contrast. Within the four hundred pages may be found almost every kind of adventure which could possibly take place within the confines of the United States. Attempted assassinations, bank robbery, political intrigues, the late Mexican Revolution, a train wreck, and a prairie fire are all part of the stage setting for the love story which is naturally the supreme concern of the book. Dan Bevis, at first a banker, and later a professional gambler, enlists our sympathies straightway, although the mystery which obscures some of his motives is not lifted until the novel's end. The widely divergent characters of the three women in the book are excellent foils to accentuate the individuality of each. All in all, "The Rugged Way" is a clean, quickly moving story, in which, brought out strongly, are the motives of self-sacrifice and growth of soul through suffering. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.

Now that the attention of the world is fixed on Turkey, on the political sit-

uation there and the people who are making it, Demetra Vaka's new book, "In the Shadow of Islam" makes a special appeal. The book throws strong light on the Young Turk movement, for it concerns itself with three representatives of the disruptive forces of Turkey—an Albanian, a Greek and a Turk. It raises the question of the future of that enigmatic country and leaves the reader intelligently doubtful of the outcome. Peculiarly significant of Modern Turkey is Orkhan Effendi, the Oxford-bred Young Turk, of Albanian descent but essentially Old Turk instincts. His Asiatic attitude toward marriage makes the problem of the story itself, for he falls in love with a girl of the best type of thoughtful American womanhood. Such a situation makes possible a vivid contrast between the sheltered Turkish woman and the self-reliant young college girl. The story is sketched, but in a manner neither slipshod nor superficial. The characterization is full and strongly interpretative. The novel has a ring of truth and authority. It will do more for most people than any number of books of travel. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Helena Richie and her boy David reappear in Margaret Deland's latest story, but Sarah Maitland, "The Iron Woman" of the title, is a new character—a plain, rugged, resolute woman of business who has inherited wealth and increases it by her own energy and thrift, eccentric, domineering, and wholly out of sympathy with her son Blair, whose indolent, irresponsible, beauty-loving temperament is a legacy from a father dead before his birth. Mrs. Maitland's step-daughter, Nannie, Robert Ferguson, the superintendent of her foundries, and Elizabeth, his high-spirited, hot-tempered little niece make up the group of actors, and tragedy is foreshadowed in the opening chapters, which

describe, in vivid detail, the little incidents which are the joys and sorrows of childhood in smoky, grimy Mercer. The interest of the plot is wholly psychological, and in the first half of the story centres on the reaction of Mrs. Maitland's nature on her son's; in the second on the rivalry between Blair and David for Elizabeth's love. The permanence of the marriage bond is once more Mrs. Deland's theme, and she has never presented it with tenser emotion than in the closing scenes of this book. No reader who felt the fascination of "Helena Richie" will be content without this latest evolution of her problem. Harper Bros.

Edward W. Emerson and Moorfield Story have collaborated in a life of Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar and the result is entertaining as well as valuable. Beyond and beneath the biographical outline—the ancestry, the school days, the honors that came to the Justice of the Supreme Bench and the Attorney General, the fraternal companionship of Senator Hoar, the details of death and burial and the hope of immortality—beneath all we are allowed to see the man, witty, lovable, upright. Lowell wrote of him

"the Jedge, who covers with his hat  
More wit an' gumption an' shrewd Yankee sense  
Than there is mosses in an ole stone fence."

This cheery spirit, this sharp and yet kindly tongue were with him from the age of ten when he told a sanctimonious acquaintance, as she expatiated on a "feast" of sermonizing, "Yes, at least we've had *enough* and that's as good as a feast," to the day when dying he laughed in death's grim face. The picture of his early-Unitarian home will astonish many; it out-orthodoxed the orthodox in severity. E. Rockwood Hoar is worth knowing even be-

tween the covers of a book. He is neither embalmed nor buried there. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Power, singular clear-sightedness, and unflinching integrity are characteristic of C. Hanford Henderson's latest book entitled "Pay-Day." It is the voice of one who has seen a vision, and who at the same time has not been carried by that vision out of the realm of commonsense. Mr. Henderson pleads for nothing less than a complete social readjustment, educationally and industrially, and what might be called the key or text to the entire argument is found in the words, "Social regeneration is possible only through the elimination of Profit." Education which he defines as the "unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit," is to become profoundly united with Industry. Mr. Henderson claims that this may be accomplished by making "Education industrial in being practical, causalational and scientific, as well as thoroughly cultural," and by making Industry educational in being "helpful, developmental and humanistic, as well as thoroughly efficient." In the ideal commonwealth Profit will be done away with by destroying rent, interest, dividend, and the exploitation of human labor. The essence of the entire book, the belief which makes its utterance possible, is the conviction that, granted men once see the justice of the principles here set forth, they will possess the innate honesty and the force of will to put them into practice. The work will arouse wide-spread discussion. Houghton Mifflin Company.

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Madison Cawein has made a selection from his "Poems" and presents it with a foreword by William Dean Howells. Only two are new; but the old ones range the whole length of the poet's admirable technique and wonderful insight. The narrowness of those boun-

daries gives a certain sameness even to a collection. For Mr. Cawein is a Nature-poet, simply that and nothing more. He has, as Mr. Howells most aptly says, "the gift, in a measure I do not think surpassed by any poet, of touching the smallest or commonest thing in nature, and making it live and glow with inextinguishable beauty." He sees even human life and human tragedy from the point of the picture it presents upon the landscape. Take for instance that most poignant of his poems, "Lynchers." It ends—

A group of shadows; the moon's red  
fleck;  
A running noose and a man's bared  
neck.  
A word, a curse, and a shape that  
swings;  
The lonely night and a bat's black  
wings.

At the moon's down-going let it be  
On the quarry hill with its one gnarled  
tree.

The picture is there, weird enough, clear and horrible enough, but it is essentially a tableau against the moonlit sky rather than the black passing of a human soul, foul and blood-be-smearred, to the judgment seat of God. The result is not less poetic, but it is nature's tragedy, not man's. Mr. Cawein's work is often dramatic, always appealing, and ever touched by a certain tenderness that thrills the reader through. The world will long be a debtor to him for his exquisite poetry. The Macmillan Co.

A medical book that is really amusing is a *rara avis* indeed. Yet Dr. J. W. Courtney has produced just that in "The Conquest of Nerves, a Manual of Self-Help." He takes up one by one the different systems of soul-therapeutics and, with the exception of the Emmanuel Movement, has rare fun with them. Beginning with Mrs. Eddy and her Works—here his sarcasm cuts

deepest—he passes to the Emmanuel Movement, then takes up New Thought, and ends with a chapter on "Charlatany in General." From Osteopathy to Spiritualism he ridicules them one and all. He goes on, still with a playful word now and then, to apply the principle he has gained from his study, that all types of soul-therapeutics are but varying systems of *self-healing*—and lays down a rational course for the body and the mind of the nervous invalid. He briefly reviews the causes of nervous disorders and at times is exceedingly outspoken. (The Macmillan Co.) Far more authoritative in tone, though less amusing and less hard-headed, is H. Addington Bruce in "Scientific Mental Healing." Mr. Bruce, whose former books have proved his interest in the occult, finds in Christian Science, the New Thought and all kindred movements, merely an American expression of that hypnotic healing with which the French doctors have been expert for many years. He goes far back to "the monumental remains of ancient Egypt, Greece, Rome, Persia, India, and China" and discovers in them all "a widespread knowledge of hypnotism and its therapeutic value." Indeed he would not agree with Dr. Courtney that all such healing is "*self-healing*" and has a word of admiration for Mrs. Eddy and all her *confrères*. One peculiar thing about these two books, and many others on the same subject, is that they all use the same cycle of "cases." Apparently really striking cases of physical restoration are few or else hard to find. Little, Brown & Co.

An admirable book, and one that will be an enduring monument to the painstaking labor of its author, is "The American Dramatist," by Montrose J. Moses. The most carping critic can

have but one fault to find with it. Mr. Moses has used in his volume, which is essentially a history with critical details, several essays published from time to time in the current magazines, and failing to trim these with a careful enough hand he at times repeats himself, and hinders the progress of his narrative by refusing to reshape them into an even flow of historical story. Nevertheless the book is a remarkable contribution to dramatic evolution; for the author, though seeing the faults of the hour, is optimistic for the morrow and feels that the day is soon coming when an American drama must become an established fact. At present the American drama is not literature. Clyde Fitch, James Herne, even Moody and Davis, have failed to write plays that appeal off from the stage as well as upon the stage. Pinero, Shaw, Ibsen, Hauptmann, and a dozen others, have made the stage and the closet equally the scene of their triumphs: American authors, writers like Josephine Preston Peabody, who have given the public literary dramas, have failed to reach the people over the footlights. Mr. Moses analyzes the American spirit and finds that the people on this side of the water crave purity, honesty, downrightness, steadfastness to duty. The play of subtle wit, the psychological unravelling of a human soul, has no allurements. Even the humor they desire is simpler and more obvious than the English. The latter part of the book is given to the criticism of famous modern play-makers. The erudition of the writer is extraordinary and his judgments are just, philosophical, and kindly. His task has been all the harder because many well-known plays have never been printed and no longer exist even in manuscript. Little, Brown & Co.